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PRESIDENT WILSON'S message to the all-Russian Moscow Soviet was prompted by deep sympathy with the Russian people in their present distress and a sincere desire to render them every assistance in his power. The assistance, as he himself says, cannot be direct, effective and decisive, but it is none the less real because it does not take the form of an army or the needed supplies. What the President has done is to express the confidence which the oldest and most prosperous democracy of the modern world feels for a young and struggling brother. Such an expression of confidence was sorely needed. The Russian democracy is beset by enemies within and without. Every source of effective power in Europe and Asia is arrayed against it and is seeking to deny the new Russia a chance to work out its own salvation. Official Germany, France, Great Britain and Japan, all are either incredulous, indifferent, self-interested or frankly hostile. Russia's moral isolation would be complete were it not for President Wilson. His expression of confidence may not be sufficient to turn the tide in the present emergency, but it will certainly help to keep alive in the souls of the Russian revolutionists the will to struggle on against the apparently overwhelming odds. Many Americans when they read his message in the papers on Tuesday morning must have been thankful that they were privileged as his fellow countrymen to share in the responsibilities for his democratic statecraft. By coming to the assistance of Russia he has refreshed the ideal sources of American national enthusiasm and added a new dignity to American citizenship.

TO judge by the maltreatment which the Russian revolutionary democracy has received at the hands of the great majority of French, English and American commentators, the new Russia is not worth saving. That is precisely where President Wilson differs from them, and his is the truer vision. The Russian revolution, like every great popular advance which was purchased by a sharp break with a previous political and social order, has gone astray and is for the time being floundering helplessly in a veritable ocean of calamity and perplexity. But in spite of its want of self-possession, in spite of its deliberate hostility to traditional law and order, its promise is as great as, if not greater than, that of other great popular movements, such as the French Revolution. The Russian revolutionists are experiencing the same intellectual and moral ferment, the same passion for ideas, the same craving for education and technical equipment, the same faith in the relation between individual and social regeneration, which has always been characteristic of a vital democracy. It is for this reason that they are entitled to work out their problems without malevolent interferences and it is for this reason that if the German government deliberately plans to wreck the experiment, every friend of democracy should rejoice at the clear opportunity of associating the defeat of Germany with the triumph of that which is most positive and indubitable in his own democratic convictions.


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ON another page we have traced an analogy between the treatment which the French Revolution received from the Europe of 1793 and the treatment which the Russian Revolution has received from the Europe of today. The analogy has been used with some hesitation, because these historical parallels are usually taken too literally and confuse rather than enlighten counsel. The Russian Revolution differs from the French Revolution in many essential respects. Its aspirations are social rather than political; its political ideas prefer federalism to an indivisible natural sovereignty; and above all the Russian people are and have much more reason to be pacific than the French people. Their country is so vast and they are so numerous that they have not the same fear for their own security of which a smaller and more exposed nation is possessed. It will take a conspiracy against them of the rest of Europe to arouse in them apprehensions about their safety. The governments of Europe now seem determined to wipe out the Russian pacific tendency by giving Russia something to be afraid of, and if they continue they will either crush the revolution and subdue the Russians or transform Russia into an aggressive and imperialist nation. In trying to protect the Russian Revolution against its enemies the President is trying to protect Europe and America against the consequences of perverting the Russian Revolution in the same way that the dynastic statesmen of the 18th century perverted the natural course of the French Revolution. The two revolutionary movements, different as they are in their circumstances and in some of their ideas, are alike in the two fundamental respects of deserving from other peoples confidence, toleration and support and of receiving from other governments suspicion, intolerance and enmity.

THE menace to British India of German-Turkish projects in the Caucasus and the Transcaspian territories may prove serious, but hardly in the near future. There can be no considerable Turkish-German forces nearer India than Batoum on the Black Sea. To reach the Indian border these forces would have to be transported by rail to Baku, a distance of over five hundred miles, across the Caspian and again by rail almost another five hundred miles and more to a convenient point on the Persian border. There would still remain another five hundred miles of difficult terrain in Persia and Afghanistan to be negotiated before the Germans and Turks could reach India. The operation would be immensely more difficult than the transportation to Mesopotamia of forces sufficient to sweep the British invaders back to the Persian Gulf, an operation known to be impracticable, because of the limited capacity of a single line of railway to supply and munition troops. Now, the railways of the Caucasus and the Transcaspian provinces are far inferior in capacity to the Anatolian road. Give the Germans ten years or twenty to organize a military power in Northern Persia and Afghanistan, and there will be reason to fear for the safety of British India, although even so the military task would be one of great difficulty. But for the present the "open road to India" may be set down as a chimera.

YET there are writers on current affairs—and even responsible statesmen—who cry loudly for Japanese forces in Siberia to checkmate a possible German move against India. Assume that such a move were at all practicable, what measure of relief could be expected from Japan? From Vladivostok it is nearly two thousand miles by rail to Lake Baikal; from Lake Baikal to the presumptive seat of operations against India the distance by rail is near four thousand miles. If the transport of troops were to be conducted through a country wholly friendly, it would still tax the resources of the railways to the utmost to transport and supply even a small army of 50,000 men. But with the Russians hostile to such an expedition, hostile to the point of being ready to arm their German prisoners to oppose it, the maintenance of communications over 6,000 miles becomes a sheer impossibility. The Japanese are a cautious people, and would think twice before venturing even so far as Lake Baikal. But suppose they made up their minds to hold the Trans-Siberian road up to this point, what possible bearing could their action have upon events in central Asia? The attempt to relate the Japanese operations in eastern Siberia with German operations in the Caucasus is so violently ungeographical that one is forced to explain it as a mere propagandist device. As every one knows there is a party in the Allied world so eager for the Japanese occupation of eastern Siberia that any argument for it, however flimsy, looks plausible to them.

IT is unlikely that Germany wants anything out of Scandinavia just now except what would amount to military control of the Swedish iron deposits. Why then the anti-Scandinavian propaganda recently launched in the German militaristic press? It is probably to be explained by the necessities of internal politics. There is nothing like unanimity of opinion in Germany on the wisdom of alienating Scandinavian opinion through an act of outrageous aggression upon Sweden. The militarists and pan-Germans are for it; so also are the

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leaders of the iron industry. Other commercial interests, on the other hand, are opposed to measures still further reducing the limited number of Germany's remaining friends. It is the cue of the party of aggression to convince the public that Scandinavia's friendship is hypocritical. Therefore great stress is laid upon the alleged services of Norway to the Allies, upon the internment by Denmark of the crew of a commerce raider foundered off the Danish coast, upon the over-cautious policy of Sweden, which prevented her from striking a blow against Russia in behalf of her national aspirations. Whom the Realpolitiker intends to rob, he first maligns. This is probably all that the anti-Scandinavian propaganda in Germany amounts to.

CONTROL of the Aaland Islands means much to Germany; so much indeed that it is hard to believe that the islands will ever be voluntarily relinquished either to Finland, which claims them by virtue of her succession to Russian interests, or to Sweden, which brings forward strong historic claims and claims founded upon national necessities. Provided with modern fortifications, the islands would wholly dominate the Gulf of Bothnia and the route by which the high grade iron ores of Gellivara find their way to the German industrial centres. And Germany could not well have dispensed with these ores in the present war, nor would she be willing to risk losing them in the future war against which she feels it necessary to make preparations. It is true that Sweden will resent bitterly the permanent German occupation of the islands. She will never again incline so kindly toward a German cause. But what can Sweden do about it? Her own access to the Gellivara district is by a railway, extending through hundreds of miles of frigid wastes, which could be cut in many places by landing forces from German ships in the Gulf of Bothnia. Swedish good-will has sufficed in the present war to assure Germany her needed supplies of ore; but Germany is not in the habit of depending upon good-will when she can substitute more effective means of control.

THE close of John Redmond's career is one of the sad incidents of the war. When Mr. Redmond pledged Ireland to the war it was considered magnanimous and statesmanlike, and had fighting ended in a few months there is no doubt that the claims of Ireland on the empire would have been superbly improved. The lengthening of the war changed everything. A recruiting campaign in Ireland was a positive irritant to the younger and less patient generation, and all the elements that Mr. Redmond had failed to assimilate—the labor group, the bitter-enders, the intellectuals, the Gaelic enthusiasts—were provoked and exasperated by their suspended political animation. The outburst of Easter, 1916, threw the bleached color of Mr. Redmond's constitutionalism against the flaming red of rebellion, and the method in which the government handled the rebellion greatly diminished his national prestige. That prestige, however, rested on too honorable and distinguished a career of service to be lightly forgotten. In the passionate days of Parnellism Mr. Redmond was a brave member of a hounded minority. It was he who reconstructed the parliamentary movement and guided it with a masterly hand. The land settlement owed much to him. The refusal to compromise home rule took extraordinary resolution, and that resolution was one of the main forces behind the emasculation of the House of Lords. His home rule bill was a limping measure but it was a better measure than Parnell's, and its passage was a triumph. If he had striven to understand as well as consolidate Irish opinion, his prestige would have been more durable, but he stood or fell by his results in the British parliament. The war makes it difficult to appreciate how substantial those results really were.

THE death of Emile Durkheim is a poignant reminder of the appalling loss in men of irreplaceable genius which France has suffered in direct or indirect consequence of the war. Though Durkheim has for years played an important part in the intellectual life of Europe, he was still a comparatively young man, and it was work in the national cause and grief over the loss of his only son that brought about his untimely end. Durkheim was perhaps not as widely known in this country as Bergson—only one of his books, the Elementary Forms of Religious Life, has been translated into English—but he was far more influential in stimulating and directing definite scientific thought. He combined in a striking way rare power of philosophic analysis and reflection with the scientist's passionate devotion to the gathering and critical organization of relevant facts. This enabled him to gather about him a large and brilliant group of disciples who carried his method into all sorts of investigations in anthropology, law, religion, economics and other social sciences. His influence has thus been most potent in shifting sociologic thought from more or less irresponsible formal theorizing to a more intimate contact with the special problems of the particular social sciences. Though many of our leading thinkers have found Durkheim's positivism somewhat too narrow, the intimate union of thought and fact for which he stood is the only sure basis for intellectual progress.

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ALL friends of the administration will be relieved to hear that the Post Office Department never really intended to deprive the Metropolitan Magazine of second class mailing privileges because of an article in the March number by Mr. William Hard. If it were ever advisable to censor critics of the government during war, doubtless a good case could be made in favor of applying the censorship to the Metropolitan Magazine, but the case would depend not on Mr. Hard's article but upon the general trend of the editorial comment which has appeared in that publication during the past year. Its editor and its contributing editor have done their best to undermine the confidence of the country in the administration, in the conduct of the war, and in President Wilson's statement of American war aims, and probably they have been more successful in embarrassing the government and in undermining national unity than some of those socialist publications whose second class mailing privileges have been taken away from them. But this is all irrelevant. The editors of the Metropolitan Magazine are able and public-spirited men who should be allowed to ventilate their opinions, even when those opinions are an embarrassment to the government in the prosecution of the war. For the vitality of public opinion in a democracy and ultimately its national morale depends not upon a fictitious unanimity in the expression of opinion, but upon the ability of leavening opinions to triumph over their less serviceable competitors.

A HEAVY responsibility rests upon the New York board of education in the selection of a superintendent of schools. Whether the educational needs of nearly a million children shall be properly met or not depends largely upon the man selected for this post. The next decade will be one of great educational transformations. Life will never be the same after a war which has drawn sharply the issues of democracy and autocracy throughout the world. The children who are going through the schools must be fitted to take their place in a more flexible and more democratic system. Accordingly it is the plain duty of the educational authorities throughout the country to place the schools under the leadership of men who have the intelligence to forecast the requirements of the future and the courage and intelligence to provide for them. Yet there are disquieting rumors that all manner of personal, political and sectarian influences are playing upon the New York Board of Education striving to turn it aside from the performance of its public duty in order to advance particular selfish interests. And the citizens, who will pay through their children, seem asleep.

# Europe, America and the Russian Revolution

A YEAR has passed since the abdication of the Czar and the substitution in Russia of a popular government for the most ignoble, corrupt, incompetent and shameless bureaucracy in history. During this year the political and military vicissitudes of the war have turned chiefly upon the changing temper and behavior of the Russian revolutionary democracy. Its indisposition to fight, its tenacious but unsuccessful attempts to extort from the western Powers a revision of the secret treaties and a restatement of war aims, the equally persistent attempts of the Allied governments to persuade and coerce Russia to continue the war upon an exclusive programme of military victory, the increasing alienation between Russia and the western Powers culminating in the domination of the new republic by an extreme revolutionary faction and the final calamitous negotiations with Germany—this tale of cross purposes, misunderstanding, recrimination and disaster is incomparably the most significant aspect of recent war history. The task of exploring the deeper significance of the story must be deferred for a century or two, but statesmen and students need not for that reason close the book in despair at its obscurity and disqualify the new Russia from genteel society because of its perversity. The tale of the past year has one immediately discernible meaning which, if it is fairly grasped, should fix the state of mind in which students and statesmen of democratic instincts will approach the Russia of today and tomorrow. Let us attempt to distinguish this meaning.

It concerns the relation between the new Russia and the other nations with which she will necessarily associate. The Russian revolution is what it is. The circumstances, the history and the psychology of the Russian people are determining its disposition and behavior. The unfolding of its latent impulses and its obscure tendencies will consume the energies of many generations. In the meantime among the circumstances which will most profoundly influence its future course will be the attitude towards it of the German, French, British and American peoples. The question for them to consider is: What shall that attitude be? It is not an easy question to answer. A revolution is bound to be a distracting and troublesome intruder in the habitual lives both of the revolutionary nation and all its neighbors and associates. Their instinctive tendency is to pounce on the inconvenient disturber of the peace and suppress its erratic and disorderly experiments, but if they yield to this instinct, they will in effect be asking the revolu-

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tionary nation to mould its behavior to suit their convenience, habits and interests. Are they willing and able to adopt and carry through this disciplinary policy? After their many experiences in the past of what revolution and democracy mean, are the other leading nations of the world prepared to assume the responsibility of dictating a course for the Russian revolution?

They will do well to remember the result of an attempt by the statesmen of the eighteenth century to dictate a course for the French revolution. The rulers of Prussia, Austria and Great Britain could not forgive the French democracy for acting in a revolutionary manner, and particularly for carrying their subversive ideas into international behavior and policy. They did not stop to consider whether the French nation had started something which was necessary to the fulfilment of its own deeper and better impulses and which should be allowed to get under way. They saw only that the French revolution, if successful, might encourage imitation in their countries dangerous to their own survival, and they deliberately planned to thwart and, if possible, to overthrow the intruder. It was this interference from other nations and the panic and the fury created thereby in Paris which perverted the course of the French Revolution. It resulted in the September massacres, the Terror, the Jacobin tyranny, and, finally, in Napoleonism. Revolutionary France was forced to become aggressive, imperialist and dangerous to the independence of neighboring peoples in order to protect itself against the enmity of neighboring governments. Are the neighbors of revolutionary Russia preparing to adopt an attitude towards the new intruder analogous to the attitude formerly adopted by the neighbors of revolutionary France? Apparently they are, but if they do what they threaten, they should not have any illusion as to the meaning of their behavior. They are borrowing their policy from Germany.

The German autocracy has already decided upon war to the bitter end against the Russian revolution. That is the meaning of the Brest-Litovsk treaty, whose provisions are devised in part to erect a barrier between revolutionary Russia and imperialist Germany, in part to deprive the revolutionary agitation of the means to cross that barrier, and in part to build up within Russia counter-revolutionary interests and institutions. Once the treaty is ratified, the German government will use all its powers of intrigue, contrivance and coercion to set up in Russia a government of Russians whose interest will be served by carrying out its provisions. Just as Russia and Austria in 1792 entered into an arrangement with the French emigré aristocrats, whom they would have restored to power in case they had captured Paris, so Germany is seeking to obtain the assistance of Russian malcontents in setting up a counter-revolutionary state. If the Russian malcontents lend themselves to this conspiracy against the right of Russia to dispose of its own destiny, their behavior and their fate will not be essentially different from that of the French nobility, whose privileges were more precious to them than the independence and welfare of their country.

It still remains doubtful whether the British, French and Italian governments will imitate Germany or oppose her. In the past they have not had any consistent policy with respect to Russia. They have lukewarmly supported the revolution by words, and irresolutely attempted to overthrow it by lending ineffectual support to the Korniloffs and the Ukrainians. But now they can no longer hesitate and equivocate. Japan has raised an issue which forces them either to join Germany in declaring war on the revolution, or in opposing Germany by coming loyally and disinterestedly to its support. The attitude of the Japanese government towards the new Russia is analogous to that of the German government. It is afraid of the revolutionary ferment to the same extent and substantially for the same reasons. It seeks to protect itself by occupying Russian territory and by building up a barrier against a flood of what is from its point of view revolutionary contamination; and it proposes also after the manner of Germany to convert Russian anarchy into a source of Japanese profit. Judging from Lord Robert Cecil's recent statement, the Japanese government is being supported in its policy by the governments of the western European Powers, but we sincerely trust this decision is not irrevocable. The result would not be to place Japan across the path of German aggression in eastern Europe and Asia but to supply Japan with an interest similar to that of Germany in maintaining a complaisant counter-revolutionary government in Russia. The western European Powers would in effect be joining Germany in declaring war on the Russian revolution and in planning its extermination. The presence with the invading Japanese army of Russian "patriots," who used to hold lucrative and responsible positions in the Romanoff army and bureaucracy, would confirm rather than invalidate this interpretation. The patriotism of these exiles would be analogous to that of the band of emigrés which accompanied the army of the Duke of Brunswick in its invasion of France.

Whatever the attitude of the western European Powers, President Wilson will save the American nation from participating in the penalties of hostility to the Russian revolution. In no crisis of

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the war has the democracy of the world had more reason to be thankful for his imperturbable and enlightened leadership. His own opinion of the attitude which should be adopted by Russia's neighbors and associates was clearly stated in his address to Congress of January 8th last. In that speech he said: "The treatment accorded to Russia by her sister nations in the months to come will be the acid test of their good will, of their comprehensions of her needs as distinguished from their own interests, and of their intelligent and unselfish sympathy." This passage condemns the attitude of Germany and Japan and indicates what that of America and other democracies should be. Autocratic Germany, because it is afraid of revolutionary Russia, just as autocratic Austria and Prussia were afraid of revolutionary France, allows its policy to be determined by its "own interests." But the American democracy has no reason to fear the revolutionary ferment, has, indeed, every reason to encourage the people of Russia in their efforts at emancipation. All the political objects which Americans are fighting for in this war depend for their prosperity on the survival of a Russian republic, which is preoccupied chiefly with the solution of its own internal social problems, and which is not diverted from this preoccupation by the attempts of its neighbors to seize its territories, compromise its independence and thwart its political and spiritual growth.

In adopting this attitude Mr. Wilson has only been applying to the case of Russia one of America's most essential and precious traditions in international affairs. The American nation has always extended its sympathy, if not its active support, to revolutionary movements in Europe, and in so doing it has been acting upon the bidding of what amounted to an instinct of self-preservation. It nas welcomed the birth of other states which because they were democracies would be preoccupied chiefly with their own domestic affairs. It adopted this attitude even when America seemed forever exempted from European political complications and antagonisms. Now that it has emerged from its isolation and is actively participating in a gigantic European political and military contest, it is bound by every consideration of national security and good faith to remain true to its honorable and salutary tradition. If it fails to do so it will have gone out into the world only to lose its own soul.

President Wilson is asking for the Russian people the same opportunity and right to deal with their own domestic affairs without alien and hostile interference, which America entered this war to secure for her own people. The demand is born of the very essence of democracy. In re-asserting it he may, as John R. Mott recently declared at a meeting in Carnegie Hall, be gambling on the ability of the Russian democracy to recover its self-possession, but his performance is something better than a gamble. When a man gambles, he wagers his valuables upon an event which admittedly he cannot control. That is not an adequate description of what America under Mr. Wilson's leadership is doing with respect to Russia. We are, of course, taking a chance on the ultimate ability of the Russian democracy to recover its self-possession, but our act in taking that chance will itself be an assistance to the Russians in making their recovery. The American attitude is less a gamble than an affirmation of faith, which by virtue of its own frank intrepidity will serve to create its own object. If other nations shared the American faith there would be no doubt about its ultimate justification. Unfortunately, the lack of faith and suspicion, fear and enmity tend also to create objects after their own image. Nations from whom the pacific Russian democracy might have expected some saving patience and confidence have exhibited a suspicion and enmity similar to that exhibited by Germany and similar also to that exhibited by the politicians of the eighteenth century to revolutionary France. It is this lack of faith, this active and malevolent attempt to violate and pervert the original inoffensive innocence of revolutionary Russia which has already converted the American act of faith into a gamble and may convert it into a contest. But in taking the chance, and if necessary in entering the contest, America will not only be affirming its faith in revolutionary Russia; it will be reaffirming its faith in the ideal sources of its own national integrity.

## The Rumanian Peace

EXACTLY what kind of international situation the Germans are preparing for is made quite clear by the treaty they have concluded with Rumania. The Germans first of all have provided for their own immediate material interests. And secondly they have provided craftily for the future discord of the Near East, in order that they may not in future lack a field for the exercise of influence.

In forcing upon Rumania the cession of the entire Dobrudja, Germany has assured herself of the western approaches to the Black Sea, which are essential to the carrying out of her designs upon the Central Asian route. Control of the Danube goes with the possession of the Dobrudja; and, what is still more important, the Teutonic Powers have secured practical control of the main

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line of railway transportation from Vienna and Buda-Pest through Rumania to the Black Sea. Kustendje, the Black Sea terminus of the line, becomes safely Bulgarian, and since there is no other practicable outlet for Rumanian trade except the Danube, we may be quite certain that the Central Powers will manage to hold permanent military control of the great bridge over the Danube into Rumania. The only other point where a hostile Rumania might successfully have blocked this route was at the Iron Gates on the Hungarian frontier. But there is to be a boundary "rectification" at this point, involving, so Austria assures the world, no great cession of Rumanian soil. Nevertheless we may be sure that it involves the cession of the whole pass up to the point where an invading force from Austria-Hungary could conveniently debouch upon the Rumanian plain. The Central Powers have got Rumania into a sack, securely tied up at both ends.

So much for the direct safeguarding of Austro-German interests. The second achievement of German diplomacy, the promotion of useful discord in south-eastern Europe, begins with the encouragement given to Rumania to possess herself of Bessarabia. This province is indeed a part of Rumania Irredenta. Down to 1812 when Russia annexed it, the greater part of Bessarabia was an integral part of the Turkish province of Moldavia. After the Crimean war southern Bessarabia was restored to Moldavia, but Russia recovered it in 1878. More than one-half of the population of two millions is Rumanian; the remainder consists of a various mixture of Russians, Bulgars, Tartars and gypsies. Rumania's claim to the territory is therefore better than Russia's, and might have been freely granted by the Bolshevik government if that government had remained on cordial terms with the Rumanians. But the latter have been openly hostile to the Bolsheviki from the outset and are now preparing, with German moral support, to wrest Bessarabia away from Russia by force. Moreover, Rumania will in all probability remain a reactionary state of great landowners and oppressed peasantry, and will support a similar economic order in Bessarabia against democratic influence originating in Russia. Accordingly there are many chances that in the future Rumania will require protection against Russia. This the Teutonic Powers are counting on to keep Rumania under their influence.

The cession of the entire Dobrudja to the Central Powers in behalf of Bulgaria also offers a means of keeping Bulgaria in line. The southern part of the Dobrudja was prevailingly Bulgarian down to the time of the Rumanian occupation after the second Balkan war. Much of the Bulgarian population emigrated voluntarily or was more or less forcibly expelled, but nevertheless this territory is properly to be regarded as Bulgaria Irredenta. The northern half of the Dobrudja never was Bulgarian. The largest single fraction of its poverty-stricken polyglot population was Rumanian, and Germany can count upon the fact that the coming Bulgarization of this population will rankle for generations in the Rumanian breast. Bulgaria is assured hereditary foes on both boundaries. She will need friends and the Teutonic Powers are candidates for the position of friend.

It is true, Bulgaria has not yet come into the possession of the Dobrudja. The territory has been ceded to the Central Powers as a group, ostensibly to spare Rumanian sensibilities. But let us remember that the western frontier of Bulgaria has not yet been delimited. Bulgaria wants to annex Macedonia as far as Monastir, thus securing control of the Vardar valley, the only practicable railway route from Central Europe to Saloniki, Bulgaria already controls the railway line from Buda-Pest through Belgrade and Sofia to Constantinople. The acquisition of the Dobrudja will give Bulgaria one of the keys to the line issuing from the Iron Gates and terminating at Kustendje. Do the Teutonic Powers intend to confer upon Bulgaria also the control of the only remaining railway route to the Levant? This seems unlikely. What is most probable is that Bulgaria will receive the Dobrudja from the Central Powers only in return for an abatement of her claims on the west. If the Morava-Vardar valleys are not to be annexed by Austria-Hungary, it is to the interest of the Central Powers to restore Serbia to life in order to keep Bulgaria from getting this route. Otherwise she might come to feel too powerful and declare her independence of her central European friends.

The kind of peace America is fighting for is one that would extinguish the maximum number of causes of friction between states. We regard war as a terrible calamity, only to be undertaken to ward off a more terrible calamity. The rulers of Germany do not take this view of war. They do not expect the epoch of wars to be wound up with the coming peace. They do not even wish for a stable peace. In the past there has been good fishing for them in troubled waters, and they expect history to repeat itself. The Rumanian treaty is testimony to their faith. Along with careful dispositions relating to the direct interests of the Teutonic Powers, it makes full provision for keeping alive the causes of war. Friction between Russia and Rumania, between Rumania and Bulgaria is assured. We shall yet see the treaty laying a basis for friction between Bulgaria and

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a reconstituted Serbia. Hertling and Czernin have professed their zeal for peace. But if they professed it sincerely, their cause must at the time have appeared to them sick indeed. It can not have appeared so sick when they dictated their Rumanian peace.

## National Self-Determination

THE new European principle of national self-determination is an old principle in the popular political philosophy of America. No people is good enough to govern another people without its consent; so we had formulated it. No people can wholly resist the temptation to exploit another over which it holds sovereign control. And we have not arrived at this generalization by invidious judgments upon the behavior of foreign imperialistic powers, but by reflection upon our own sins. What is more, we have testified to our faith in the superiority of self-government by our refusal to annex Cuba, by our preparations to withdraw from the Philippines, by our so-called Quixotic Mexican policy. We are not good enough to govern another people, and, as most Americans see it, the same thing holds of other imperial nations, a fortiori.

That is why the Allied war aim of establishing the principle of self-determination in the European territories now ravaged by war recommends itself so strongly to the mass of the American people. We are convinced that only evil can come out of the German control of Polish and French lands. We need no eye witnesses to testify to the woes of Serbian districts in process of Bulgarization, of Rumanian, Slavic and Italian districts subject to the dual tyranny of Austria-Hungary. We were equally convinced of the inhumanity of the rule of autocratic Russia over Finns, Letts, Poles, and Ukrainians—if the Ukrainians are indeed a people with defined national aspirations. And if the war actually results in liberating any of those oppressed peoples Americans at any rate will regard its losses in the light of necessary costs of progress.

But in recent weeks certain incidents have occurred to shake our faith in merely formal liberation of peoples. The formula of self-determination has been too hospitably received by the enemy to remain acceptable without further analysis. We may disregard as a puerile political subterfuge the German pretense that the Flemish speaking provinces of Belgium represent an oppressed nationality, to be accorded the right of self-determination. German intervention in behalf of Ukrainian and Finnish nationalism is infinitely more disturbing. What if the result of constituting a chain of small nations to the east of Germany should prove to be nothing more than the provision of a system of satellites for the German empire? We all knew how seriously to take the independence of the Balkan states, prior to the national recrudescence that followed upon the Balkan wars. Each state had a Russophil party and a Germanophil party, struggling for complete control. Politics in those states, instead of occupying itself with the problems of domestic improvement, was little more than a game played by parties in the employ of alien imperialistic influences. The business of governing was for the most part as badly managed as it could have been if the Balkan states had actually been divided between the Central Empires and Russia. Is there any danger that the new nations we hope to see rising out of the war will be similarly subject to foreign influence—that is German influence? If there is, we clearly ought to shape our plans so as to obviate it, if possible.

The analogy of the Balkan states in the days of foreign influence is defective, it may be urged. The Balkan states were so unfortunate as to find themselves at the crossing point of two seemingly irresistible forces: the Russian trend toward Constantinople and the Aegean and the German trend toward the east. Russia and the Teutonic Powers were not impelled to strive for Balkan control by mere hunger for the rather unpromising Balkan lands. What lay beyond the Balkans was the prize sought by the competing empires. There is no similar prize lying behind Finland, Lithuania, Poland, or even the Ukraine. For we cannot imagine that the Germans are so fatuous as to believe that they can make a satrapy of Great Russia itself. There are a hundred million Great Russians—more or less—now thoroughly out of hand. They may offer a splendid opportunity to German trade, but they are not an inferior people and as such subject to permanent colonization. And they will trade the more freely with Germans the more evident the Germans make their acceptance in good faith of the independence of the border nationalities.

But this argument disregards quite the most portentous fact of the times. The old conflict of imperial ambitions in the Levant between autocratic Russia and the Teutonic empires has indeed disappeared. But a vastly more serious conflict has arisen between the social forces represented by the Russian revolution and those represented by the Junkers and militarists supporting the Hohenzollern and Hapsburg dynasties. The Levantine conflict was susceptible of compromise. No compromise is possible between the German autocracy and the Russian revolution. Every advance in the power of the German autocracy threatens the Rus-

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sian revolution; every increase in Russian revolutionary energy menaces the very existence of the German and Austro-Hungarian autocracies. And the points where these two contending forces meet are precisely in the border states, for which we are striving to win the right of self-determination.

Already we see the struggle going on in Finland and the Ukraine. German arms are supporting the privileged classes against the revolutionary elements, which in turn are receiving support from the Russian Bolsheviki. Shall we say that this is only a transitory condition, induced by Bolshevik excess? If the Russian democratic movement had clothed itself with moderation, would the property owning classes of Finland and the Ukraine, the Baltic Provinces and even Great Russia itself be crying for German intervention? To be sure they would. No matter how moderate the Russian revolution may become, it is fundamentally a democratic movement, destined by its very nature to war upon privilege. Privilege in eastern Europe means large land holding and the political and commercial powers incidental to land holding. Where the revolution succeeds, property must at the very least be reconstituted. And the property holders have not the power to resist the revolution. They are compelled to look to foreign support now; they will be inclined to rely on foreign influence after peace has been restored.

What is true of the nationalities to the east of Germany is also true of the Balkans. Rumania is a country of large land holdings and an exploited peasantry. The Russian revolution is certain to stir the Rumanian proletariat to restlessness and to incline the Rumanian landlord toward Germany, so long as Germany remains the head and front of privilege. Bulgaria and Serbia are essentially peasant states, but the Serbian districts that are now under Austrian and Hungarian domination are infested with large landholdings, the basis of a party of privilege.

If, then, the war ends with Germany politically and economically unregenerate, self-determination for the border nations may mean very little. Every one of those nations will be afflicted with a party conflict that looks abroad for support. The masses will look to Russia, the classes to Germany. Which party will win?

In a secular view, the chances are bound to favor democracy. Russia will in time doubtless win through to a stable democratic order that will permit her to bring her vast forces to bear in support of the border democracies. But if we abandon the Russian democracy to its fate and patch up a peace that leaves the German autocracy as firm in the saddle as before the war, if we content ourselves with this territorial concession or that while leaving unchanged the international anarchy in which autocracy thrives, we need not expect any important progress through the formal grant of national self-determination. The independence of the small state will remain illusory until we actually succeed in democratizing the world under a system of binding international law.

## To Restore the Morale of Labor

EIGHTY-four thousand workers taken on in eight months to keep two thousand jobs filled: such is the record of the Pennsylvania Lines West. On the average, these men remained employed less than a week. Are we to suppose that the jobs were well filled by men so lightly held? And are we to suppose that these eighty-four thousand men stepped directly out of other remunerative employment to try their luck with the railway, and found other employment immediately after leaving the railway? This is no age of miracles. In this employment operation a vast deal of labor time, of potential labor power, must certainly have been wasted. There are plainly in evidence, on the Pennsylvania Lines West, forces that are laming our national effort to win the war.

But this is to place the Pennsylvania Lines in an invidious light, someone may object. These particular two thousand jobs required only physical strength: a man just taken on is worth nearly as much as a man who remains permanently. These eighty-four thousand men were for the most part habitual floaters. What is the use dwelling upon the time they lost in passing into their jobs and out of them? They waste most of their time, anyway. Besides, there is nothing unprecedented in this railway experience. Instances have been reported from other employments of a labor turnover running as high as seven hundred per cent a week. That is, it has been necessary to take on seven hundred men in order to keep one hundred jobs through seven days. What we are dealing with here is after all only a commonplace feature of our industrial life. In the aggregate we must count among our workers several million habitual floaters, and several million more whose lack of interest in their work, whose gravitation toward the minimum of performance, make it a matter of indifference whether they float or not. There is nothing new in this situation. Probably the war, with its rumors of high pay just over the horizon, has increased the tendency to drift. But the tendency was in evidence long before the war.

And this is precisely the most disquieting feature of the situation. If labor restlessness were merely

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a product of the war, we could make up our minds to endure it, along with war taxes, war prices, war rations. But it is not. It is rather to be classed with the social maladies we harbored unconsciously in time of peace, such as the malnutrition and medical neglect that have given us an adult male population of which less than two-thirds are physically fit. The war has merely opened our eyes. And we need not think we can comfortably close them when peace arrives. The democratic forces released by the war will prove as difficult to cap and contain as were the liberal forces released by the French Revolution. It would be as stupid and dangerous for the modern state, restored to peace, to ignore as formerly the claims of the masses of the population to the requisites of a healthful and hopeful life as it was stupid and dangerous for the early nineteenth century state to ignore the claims of the middle class to freedom of opportunity. But the claims of the masses to decent conditions of living can only be realized if our industrial system works with full efficiency. A nation lives by its current production, and if the volume of current production falls off, social reform may be able to level down but it can not level up.

How are we to overcome the tendencies of labor toward drifting and withholding the interest that alone can assure full efficiency? We may as well make up our up our minds that nothing in the way of compulsion will do, even for the period of the war. We may be equally sure that better systems of accounting, more systematic efforts to grade wages according to scales of efficiency, will accomplish little, in the long run. If we can devise nothing better than the regulation of industrial relations by commercial principles alone, if we can not rid ourselves of the preconception that labor is a commodity, to be taken from the market when needed and thrown back when not needed, we may as well prepare ourselves for a period of progressive disintegration of labor efficiency. Let us remember that such habits of industry as we can still count on were established under an earlier order, when the relation between reward and effort appeared closer, in the skilled trades, and when the unskilled workman, illiterate and oppressed, was more amenable to discipline. We are trading on an inherited capital of industrious habits. This is the road to bankruptcy, unless we can learn to create similar habits that may serve for the future.

We must reverse the tendency toward drift and deterioration: that is clear. The state can not do this through compulsion. The employers can not do it through skill and system. Labor alone can do it. When the workman who excels in industry commands the unmixed admiration of his fellows; when the slacker and floater are regarded with contempt and detestation, we may expect the morale of labor steadily to improve. As matters stand, however, the worker who excels in industry can not be regarded by his fellows otherwise than as the employer's partisan. He sets a pace that the others may be forced to follow. He runs through in five days work that could be made to last six, and thus increases the immediate risk of unemployment. And the net result of his activities appears merely to be to swell the profits of the employer. As economic philosophers the laborers who work steadily know that the slacker does not draw his own weight, and that this is somehow bad for society. But they have their own immediate interest to consider, and that is not prejudiced by the behavior of the slacker.

The situation is one that can be mended only by industrial democracy. Labor will have to be represented in the management before the worker can be made to feel that the prosperity of an enterprise is of direct and vital moment to himself. The right to employ labor will have to be made a privilege, bearing the correlative obligation to employ labor continuously, so long as this is practicable even under a policy that treats the necessity of paying steady wages as of equal weight with the necessity of paying returns on capital. And when it is wholly impossible for the private concern to continue operations, as in times of commercial crisis, it must be made the business of the state to furnish employment.

The right to a job, the right to a living wage, the right to the representation of labor in the management of every productive enterprise and in the administration of government itself will have to become parts of our fundamental institutions if we are to realize the conditions under which our political and social institutions may evolve steadily and peacefully toward a more realistic democracy.

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# The Russian Peasants' Council

DOES the Russian peasant really care who governs him? Despite all the present turmoil in the towns and cities there, the whole question of Russian freedom in the end comes back to that; for the peasant makes nearly ninety per cent of the entire population, and without his active interest there can be no real democracy.

What is his attitude toward the war? What does he want of the revolution? How does he feel toward the Bolsheviki? Will he give his support to their plans? All last summer, while I was in Russia, these questions bothered the people in towns. From the various groups and organizations trying to build a new nation out of the present confusion, everywhere I heard the same question. How much support could they get from the peasants? Most of them were making propaganda in the villages, but as yet the whole matter was still in doubt. For the peasants are the "dark people"—so-called—who have lived in poverty for countless generations in rude and lonely hamlets. They are inarticulate and slow to make their voices heard.

But that a large part of them at least do wish a share in the government, was made plain in 1905, when to the first Duma came many peasant delegates who stoutly refused to be annexed by any other political group. They even refused the commodious headquarters assigned to them, and chose a humble place of their own, where they lived in independence. They still wore their peasant clothes. The group doggedly held together, steadily voicing their demands for land and for other sweeping reforms. And that the people back at home were keenly interested, was proved by the fact that from all over Russia "peasant watchers" began to arrive; they had been sent to Petrograd in order to keep a vigilant eye on these new peasant congressmen. The first Duma accomplished little, from the peasants' point of view; and from the succeeding ones they were gradually shut out. But in spite of this discouragement, so many of them were hungry still for a share in the government, that last spring soon after the outbreak of the present revolution there came together in Petrograd a great Peasants' Congress, which elected an Executive Council to safeguard their interests.

I went several times to their headquarters. It was in a huge long building which had been used for generations as a conservative school of law for sons of the aristocracy. In the hall down-stairs I found a beautiful old empire clock standing there against the wall; and close beside it leaned a red banner with a picture crudely painted of a peasant at his plough, waving his hat to the rising sun which shone on him over the roofs of the village. For the "dark people" the long bleak night of poverty was at an end. Close by, the floor was covered with big brown burlap sacks of proclamations, to be sent to the peasants both in the army and in the villages. A few peasant soldiers stood on guard.

Upstairs, the oil paintings on the walls, as well as the great chandeliers, had been carefully swathed in cloth as though to keep off defilement. Between two of the paintings had been nailed a large map of Russia, painted green, yellow, brown and blue, according to the strength of the Congress in each locality.

Two peasants stood staring up at it in a puzzled way. One of them wore high black boots and a dirty black suit; and over his shoulder he had swung an old tea pot and a canvas bag. His companion, hardly more than a boy, was dressed in a worn patched suit of gray and leaned on a big crooked stick. They had just come in from their village, it seemed; and here in this sanctum of the law, they scowled at this map of their new Russia, trying to understand it all.

I left them and entered the large main hall where the law had been taught for generations to sons of noble families. It was crowded with peasant deputies now. About half of them were soldiers, and there was a sailor here and there. The civilians were neatly dressed in black. They sat like school boys at the high desks, listening to a middle-aged man who looked like a professor. He was a Social Revolutionist, well known for his writings on the land problem. His talk seemed to absorb them all.

The Social Revolutionists, who have always centered their propaganda largely on the peasants, were still by far the strongest party in the villages; and last summer they were decidedly in control of the Peasants' Council. In fact, I had heard from Miliukov and other leaders of the Cadets that the Council was no truly representative body, but a mere gathering of those radical peasants who in the past had been won over by the socialist teachings. Here in their headquarters this was indignantly denied by the secretary of the Council, a little man with a pointed black beard. And yet he himself, I learned, was a Social Revolutionist.

"The Congress was organized," he said, "soon after the revolution. It is true that the proclamations were sent out by us from here—both to the young peasants at the front and to the old ones

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back at home. But that is practically all we did. The rest was done by the peasants themselves; our agents playing little part in the local village elections—because our groups were not ready to act. The whole revolution had come so unexpectedly. So in the armies and in the villages the peasants themselves chose their delegates. Of the 1325 who met in the Congress here, a little over half were soldiers from the armies; but they were peasants all the same; and practically all the others came direct from the villages, dressed in their rough peasant clothes. They would have no congress arranged by us; for there is now a strong and growing feeling among them against men like myself, the so-called "intelligentsia."

"They made speeches and argued for many days, and often nearly all night, too; and at last they elected this Council of two hundred and eighty-three, on the following basis: five deputies from each of the eighteen Russian armies, and one from every million peasants in the villages. This Council is to remain until the National Assembly meets. It acts both for the peasants and also in conjunction with the Provisional Government and the Council of Workmen and Soldiers."

I was given a better insight into this peasant body, when I came on another day to meet Nicholas Tchaikovsky, the famous old revolutionist who has studied the peasant for fifty years. I found him in the quarters of the Committee on Finance, of which he was the chairman. He was busy at a table talking to some of the deputies, while a tall young peasant soldier stood on guard close by. While he talked to me for an hour or more, soldier and peasant deputies kept coming up with checks to be signed. He seemed like a grandfather to them all. A tall handsome rugged old man, nearly eighty years of age, his hair and his long beard were white, but there was vigor still in the grip of his hand and an almost joyous light in his eyes. He seemed to me younger than many young men whom I had met in Petrograd; because their minds were theory dry, while his was still quite open to change and new conditions. He had a strong glad vitality, and the youth of a great hope; for here in the midst of endless problems, he was making his last great fight for the thing he had dreamed of all his life.

"I have almost forgotten my English," he said. "I feel so deep sunk in Russia these days." He laughed and went on: "I am busy day and night—either here or in committees or presiding at large meetings. I am old, but at least I feel young in the morning. And there is such a tremendous chance; I feel so sure that Russia will come out of these troubles really free—I mean free in the great sense of the word. We have started now and we shall go on until we have gained real liberty.

"I have been for the war from the start," he continued, "but it is hard, as you can see." He drew two big circles on a piece of paper. "One circle is the war," he said, "and the other is the revolution. They are diametrically opposed. War needs a strong government, strong finance, strong discipline and union. Revolution needs a tolerant government, little taxation, little discipline and much freedom for all men to thrash out their new ideas. But the war is here, and it would be a crime to put the revolution first. So far as possible, we must postpone all our social questions until after the war is won. But this has not been easy. It is difficult for foreigners to understand how hard it is for Russia, weary with the war, and now with all the added chaos of revolution and change, to go on and do her part. The problems are tremendous, and among our leaders we have had few practical men. One faction has followed another, each with its own ideas and plans and theories studied out of books. They do not know real conditions. But the real needs of Russia are now rapidly rising to view and forcing men's minds to open and change.

"All socialists must learn to work with other parties. In order to hold the nation together, we must have not a socialist but a coalition government. If we try to go to extremes we may bring a confusion that will put us in danger of domination either by the Old Regime or still worse, the German autocracy.

"It is hard to tell as yet how far the Bolsheviki and the Maximalists will go. Their power will depend on their hold upon the armies. Nine-tenths of the soldiers are young peasant lads. The war took them from their villages, plunged them into army life, and gave them wider, more radical views. In the army they talked everything out; and moreover, army life was a break. They felt themselves loosed from old anchors and a part of something new. Great forces whirled around them, and all kinds of new ideas got into their minds. It was too much for the peasant boy. He became like a kite with too light a tail. At home his peasant father is like a kite with a tail so heavy that it is hard for him to rise. But his son at the front swoops round and round—and what he will do before he comes down, it would be hard to prophesy. But sooner or later the power will shift back to the villages. For the lads will go home and settle down. Then will come the time for practical building. We shall need hard work by practical men.

"Already such men are gathering—from the various socialist groups, from the radical wing of the Zemstvos, from the cooperative societies—and last but not least, from the peasants themselves.

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In this Council there are deputies who belong to none of the parties—plain peasants who know what they want and are looking about for a practical programme. Their first desire is for more land; and on this point they all agree. It will be quite impossible for the great land owners to keep their land. The only question is whether the nation, after taking over the land, shall lease it to the peasants or divide it up among them. Shall it be held as private property or shall it be worked in common? There are many shades of opinion here, as to how it shall all be done.

"And you should get this from the peasants themselves—not from the young peasant soldiers here, for you will find them much the same as the deputies in the Soviet (the Council of Workmen and Soldiers). And your friends in America have heard enough of the Soviet. They hear only of the soldiers and the sensational doings here. Get the point of view of the older men—both here and in the villages. Go and see them in their homes, and find out what they really want. For remember, they make the great mass of the Russians, and in the end they must have their way in any true democracy."

With my interpreter, that day, I talked to one such deputy. We found him upstairs in the dormitory, where on long rows of iron cots the deputies of the Council slept. A few lay sleeping now in their clothes, or reading books or papers. On one cot sat a thin elderly peasant, who wore steel-rimmed spectacles and was intently reading a pamphlet. He was dressed in a clean linen jacket, and his long black shoes had been carefully oiled. His face was tanned—a narrow face with high cheek bones, gray beard and hair and earnest blue eyes. When we stopped by his bed, he looked up with a smile and his voice was low and kindly. Although he knew nothing about us, he apparently trusted us soon. He told his story simply.

"I am a peasant from a town on the lower Volga," he began. "We heard of the revolution about a week after it started; and at once we turned out the old police, and chose a district committee to send delegates to Petrograd to demand a Peasants' Congress. There were no rich land owners down there; the good land all belonged to the Crown. We took this land and drove away the Czar's officials, and made up our minds that we would look after it ourselves. This was hard work, for in our district the war had taken for soldiers all but the cripples and the old men. We worked all day out on those fields, and nearly all night, too—for in June in our country night is not dark. But we saw that we could not get in the crops.

"In our neighborhood then, we had a meeting of about thirty delegates elected by the villages, and these thirty chose me to go to the front in order to get some labor. It was a long journey, for in those days the trains kept stopping or changing their minds. Everyone was talking. But at last I got to one part of the front and talked to the soldiers' committees there. All was done in order. I got from them four hundred boys, four from every company, and I made each one sign a paper promising to come back to the front as soon as he was sent for. Then I took them all in a crowd on the train and brought them to our villages, to help us to get in the crops.

"But they will return when they are called, because in my home we are for the war. From the Crown lands we have given the best half of the hay to the army, and kept the poorer half for ourselves. We have also sent to the army 20,000 roubles in cash, and thousands of poods of ground meal and wheat. If the boys at the front do not keep up the fight, we old men have voted to take the guns. I have a son in the army, and if he comes home I will go myself. For in order to get a free peace, we must fight. Germany has for very long been a danger to all Europe, and so we must defeat her now. If we don't, those German generals will soon put back the Czar in Russia. They will not allow us to be free men.

"As to the land, each peasant should have what he needs. He has now only two and a half desatynas (about six acres) of the worst land in the neighborhood. It is sandy soil. You see, my town is down on the Volga. It is very beautiful there, it is all level, with woods and fields. But the best land always belonged to the Crown, and the soil we had was sandy. Still, if now each peasant gets two or three desatynas more, that will be quite enough for us.

"How shall we divide it up? Our land Mirs (village community bodies) will be the ones to manage all that; and a larger district committee will no doubt be over them. I think that all over Russia the land will be taken from the large owners and leased to each peasant on easy terms. How long the lease will be, has not yet been decided; and whether he shall pay it in rent or in taxes has not been agreed upon. But all will be done in order. Much of the money that comes in from all these rents and taxes will help to pay the five billion roubles of debts on lands now owned by foreigners. We must honestly pay these foreign debts. Whether or not we shall pay the pomeschiks (Russian land owners) for their lands, we have not yet decided—but in my district I am sure we shall never pay for those Crown lands. For the Czar and all his family have had quite enough from us.

"Not only the peasants will manage all this. We

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shall get help from honest men. The school teachers are soul to soul with us. The priests are not, and we do not like them, but we have not touched the lands of the Church. In the village next to ours, they have sent for another priest; but in our town we did not bother, for we do not go to church often these days. So we shall not want the priest to help us. Nor shall we take advice from the Zemstvo (district legislature), for most of those men are land owners, and so they are against our plan. Besides, we have our own land committee and need no help or advice from them. We must do all in order, but it must be for our good.

"And this is the way we shall do it. A great National Assembly of delegates from all the people will soon meet in Russia. In our district are about 450,000 souls, and so we shall be allowed to send two or three delegates to the Assembly. This is how we shall choose them. I shall go through the villages and call together the village Mirs and ask them what men they wish to send to the volost (township) meetings. There are twenty-seven volosts, and each will choose one delegate. These twenty-seven will then meet and decide which two or three shall be sent to Petrograd. For myself, I should like one delegate who has good knowledge of the law. We shall need him in the Assembly, for it will be making many great laws. Also one who understands the schools, for the new free Russia must have fine schools. Also one who very thoroughly understands the land, for that is the greatest question of all.

"All the delegates must be good honest men. We do not care about parties. We do not even know what party we belong to. All we want is land and freedom. Whoever wants that is a revolutionist. The thing is very simple. One man came to our village and talked of political parties and asked to which party we belonged. We asked him, 'What do you want? Land and freedom?' He said he did. 'Good,' we said, 'we want it, too. So we are revolutionists.'

"At present in our district we have enough food to live on. From every hundred poods of grain we send twenty-five to the front. We won't send any to the cities, because here in Petrograd it is not well, and Moscow is almost as bad. There is too much talk and disorder; and this is bad for Russia —both in the war and the revolution. For the people in towns are doing no work. They are neither making shells for the war, nor are they making the ploughs and tools and cotton goods that we peasants need. So we will not sell them our grain, for with money we can buy nothing these days. We send our grain to the army and to workingmen in those factories that are really doing work for the war. We must win the war. Until it is over we can manage for ourselves, and the big questions we can leave for the National Assembly.

"In our town we have our own plan to keep order. The court house is still there, but we do not go; for we think it is a sin to take our quarrels into court during the war and the revolution. If any among us have a dispute, they come to our Committee, and if the neighbor witnesses say that it was Ivan's fault, then Ivan says, 'All right, brothers, if you all believe I am wrong, I will pay.' If he does *not* agree, we say to him, 'Wait till full order is established and then you can take this to court if you like.' And so the matter is settled. One angry fellow said to his neighbor with whom he had quarreled, 'Now is no time to sue you, brother—but after the war, you old thief, I will sue you!' And so it has happened in every case. To fight each other is a sin against the revolution. We must be brothers. So we shall be free."

I asked the old man whether he thought that his country was going to stay in the war. For some moments he was silent.

"Yes," he said, "I am sure of it. All the old peasants are ready to go. Most of us want peace badly, and many are almost ready to stop; but you see, if we should try to do that, those Germans are so greedy that they will march into our land and try their tricks among us. And then you will see that we will decide all over Russia to fight for long years! We will win our freedom—for we must!"

"And then?" I asked him, "What kind of a Russia will it be?"

He put his hands on his knees and wrinkled his brows reflectively. The peasant on the adjoining bed turned over and awoke with a snort. But the old man did not hear him. There was a glimmer in his eyes as though they saw a promised land.

"It will be a glorious life," he said. "It will all be in the country. There we live better than in the towns. We have better meat and bread; and we have wool and flax and bark, in order to make our clothes and boots. We can build our houses, too. We don't need the big towns—we will do it ourselves. And that will be Russia. Do you understand? Most of us in this country are peasants, and so we shall be always, for that is a fine healthy life.

"But there is one thing we greatly need. No, two things," he added. "First, we need machinery. When my son had gone to the front, alone on my farm I had to work nearly twenty hours every day, because I had no good machines. But here in this little book I was reading, I find how easily such work is done by machines in America." The old peasant uttered the word "machine" as though it were his religion. "We have so few machines," he said. "We help each other by loaning them

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'round; but even so they are too few. Last year we clubbed together and bought eighteen fine ploughs for two hundred and fifty peasants. Then we had a lottery to see who should get them. In the lottery I lost." He paused and seemed to remember that time. "So, I had to work twenty hours a day," he added very softly. "And so I say we must have machines."

"What else will there be?" I asked him.

"We shall have no such police," he said, "as were under the old government. And all that bribery must be stopped. We already have a fine doctor and a hospital and a good school. We must have more schools. That's the second thing. First, machinery—second, fine schools. We need agricultural schools very badly. We know very much and very little. Do you understand me? I am an old man and I love my land—I have loved it for nearly sixty years. And so I know much about my land, and yet I know very little. I never learned science and all its thoughts about making good farms. But the young boys must know all that. We must have good schools to teach them. When we have won our full freedom and our land, the next two things for all Russia will be schools and machinery. That is all. We shall need nothing more. My town is a beautiful quiet place. On the river is rich fishing. The fellows sing. It is peaceful there. It is lovely country, with fields and woods. I want all Russia to be like that."

He was silent for a moment, then looked abruptly up at me.

"What do you think of us in America?"

"Some of us understand," I said, "but many are impatient." Again he was silent for a time.

"It is like this," he said slowly. "Some men are climbing up through the mountains. They have been climbing many days. Brigands have attacked them, and often they have lost their way, and now they hardly know where to go. They are half starved, for they have had only a few hard crusts of black bread to eat. But these men must reach the top, for on their backs they have carried a treasure, and this treasure is for Christ. It is freedom and peace and brotherhood. They have climbed and starved and fought until they are very tired. Some of them hardly see where to go. They say, 'Brothers, wait—we must find the path.'"

He paused, looking down at his long brown hands.

"Well, and then a young man joins them. He has come up by an easy way. He is not tired, he is well fed, he is very strong and he has no wounds. His eyes are clear and he sees where to go. He wants these men to reach the top. How do you think he will do it best? Shall he be impatient, or help them?"

To help them, we must understand. We must realize that Russia may not settle down for years. And so we should not wait for that; we should seize every possible chance to give aid. We cannot afford to leave the field to those thousands of agents from Berlin who are now swarming through the land and ceaselessly working day and night. *We should work as hard as they.* We should grimly refuse to be disheartened or give up, no matter what disappointments fall.

For in Russia there will doubtless be many sweeping changes still—until a government is formed of, by and for that mightier throng of a hundred and eighty millions, in cities, towns and villages—in Russia vast and turbulent, filled with a seething chaos of gloom, despair and fierce revolt, of hopes and stirring visions, dreams for the future of the Slavs and the entire human race. A mighty nation unprepared and facing its great chance with doubt and only slowly opening eyes, while an enemy presses in from without, poisoning the Russian mind through spies and secret agents: an enemy stern, despotic, making a last desperate fight for the life of kings and emperors, and straining its very utmost, through fomenting inner strife, to discredit and bring to ruin this great attempt at democracy.

Will the Russians build a government of, by and for the people? On the answer to that question the hope of a liberal Europe hangs.

ERNEST POOLE.

# The Russian Revolution

The following article describes the Russian revolution of 1905, but the words have even more meaning today. It is by the Russian novelist, Dmitri Merezhkovski, and is the introduction to a volume called Czar and Revolution, a collection of three essays by Merezhkovski, Zinaida Hippius and Dmitri Philosophov on the religious and mystic meaning of the Russian revolution. The article is translated by Rose Strunsky.

SOONER or later a terrific collision will take place between Europe and the Russian revolution, and it will be Europe as a whole, and not any one state of Europe that will collide with the Russian revolution or with anarchy. We say revolution or anarchy, for today one cannot say with certainty what is really taking place in Russia. Is it a change in the form of the state? Is it a struggle against every definite form of the state? Only one thing is certain; that here a dangerous play is being played; and it is dangerous not only for us Russians, but for you Europeans as well. You follow our revolution with fear and anxiety, but your fear and interest are not large enough. The events in Russia are more fearsome than you realize.

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We are on fire; every one knows that. But can we burn alone without setting you on fire? Who can tell?

The very minutest detail of our revolution is known to Europe, but the innermost meaning of the events remains hidden for you. Europe knows only the body, not the soul of the Russian revolution. This soul, the soul of the Russian people, remains an eternal riddle for you.

We are like you only, as the left hand is like the right. The left cannot cover itself entirely with the right; this can happen only when one of them is turned. We are like you, but only in an opposite sense; Russia is a reflection of Europe. Kant said that our spirit lay in the transcendental, and that yours was in the phenomenal. Nietzsche said, with you Apollo reigns; with us, Dionysus. Your genius lies in measure, ours in abandon. You understand how to stop at the right time; if you strike a wall, you remain standing or turn back; we smash our heads in. It is difficult for us to rouse ourselves; but once we have roused ourselves we never remain standing. We don't walk, we run; we don't run, we fly; we don't fly, we dash. You like the golden mean, we like the extreme. You are sober, we are drunk. You are in the right, we have no laws. You understand how to save your soul, we are always trying to lose ours. You possess the state of today, we seek the state of the future. Finally, you place the power of the state above all the liberties which you can attain; we in our slaves' chains are disguised rebels and anarchists. For you politics is a science; for us it is a religion. We have reached through reason and feeling the extreme border of negation, and yet we are all in the uttermost depths of our being and our will—mystics.

This mystic will, which forms the basic principle of the Russian soul, is made partly comprehensible to you through the works of our greatest writers, Tolstoi and Dostoevski; partly but not entirely. To grasp it fully it is not enough to read us, one must live us. And this is difficult and fearful; much more fearful, as we said, than you realize. We are your danger, your wound; we are your thorn, which God or Satan has stuck in your flesh. We will bring you suffering, but only for your own good, for we need each other, as the right hand needs the left.

We want to prove here that the deepest meaning of the Russian revolution can be grasped only through a religious analysis.

Autocracy and orthodoxy are two halves of a religious whole, exactly as is the case with the Papacy and Catholicism. The Czar is not only the Czar and head of the state, but he is also head of the Church and the High Priest, the Anointed of the Lord. Historically it might not be quite correct, but from a mystic standpoint we must agree that the Czar is the representative of Christ. He is at the same time Pope and Cæsar. The autocracy is an absolute affirmation of the religious principle. We must deal here with religious values, for the main characteristic of the Russian soul, the mystic will, must be the point of departure of our thesis. But with religious values it is always thus, that the negation of an absolute carries with it the affirmation of its opposite. Here two religious values oppose each other; autocracy is a religion and revolution is a religion, even if the latter is so acknowledged by very few revolutionists. According to their convictions they are atheists. God is hated by them because the conception of God is closely bound up with that of orthodoxy and autocracy. Orthodoxy and autocracy wound their feelings, which at bottom are still religious. The word religion is synonymous to them with reaction.

If one were to pay attention to the works of the revolutionists, not the words, one would see that these atheists are really saints. Since the time of the early Christian martyrs, no one has died as these people die, " flying to death as bees to honey," as Tertullian said.

The Russian revolution is, therefore, not only political, but also religious—this can hardly be understood by you Europeans, for with you religion has been for a long time political.

You use your own measure. You believe we are passing through a normal sickness caused by our inner growth, as all European peoples have already passed through. You believe that we are reaching for the same goal that you already have reached, that the time will come when we will also put on ourselves a parliamentary muzzle, when we will renounce the most extreme socialist and anarchist thinking, and we will satisfy ourselves with the old constitutional rubbish, with the golden middle road of a bourgeois democracy. Thus it has been everywhere, and thus will it be with us.

Your idea would be right if we were not a " reflection " of Europe; if we were not so made that we have to smash our heads against every wall, and fly with " hoofs in the air," as Dostoevski says. At any rate, we will never remain with a constitutional monarchy; nor could the Russian monarchy give us a constitution, even if it wanted to.

The renouncing of autocracy for an orthodox Czar would be synonymous with the renouncing of orthodoxy. Nicholas II is religious. He would renounce it, therefore, like a martyr, like a " saint " revolutionist mounting the scaffold, as if he were renouncing his faith, his divine anointment. Autocracy can only be overthrown at the same time as orthodoxy. But if both fall, such a yawning abyss opens up in the religious and political consciousness of the people as no present-day west European state

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can reach over to fill; neither a constitutional monarchy nor a bourgeois democratic republic can do it. It will take an earthquake to overthrow these mighty cliffs of autocracy and orthodoxy by which all old parliaments will fall like houses of cards. The Russian revolution will spare nothing.

What will come of it? Then will come the burst into the unknown, "the flight with heels pointed in the air." The Russian revolution is just as absolute as the state forms it fights. Its empirical, conscious aim is socialism, but its mystic and unconscious aim is anarchy. Bakunin, even in his time, had prophesied that the great anarchistic eruption of the future would not take place within the borders of a definite nation, but would embrace the whole world. The Russian revolution is world-embracing.

When you Europeans will see that, you will hurl yourselves immediately upon us to put out the fire. Take care! You will never be able to put out the fire, but you will catch fire yourselves.

For the present anarchy is purely negative; it has only a few metaphysical dogmas which are positive, and they often contradict each other, and distinguish it from socialism. The latter, even in its most extreme forms, is state supporting, since it subscribes to the absolute submission of the individual to society and to the necessary economic laws. Where, then, is to be sought that last freedom which will really conquer the necessity of the external life and of all force? Neither science nor philosophy is able to answer that last question, but religion can. For the last ideal of a future state can only consist in the creation of new religious forms of thought and affairs; a new religious synthesis between the individual and society, composed of unending love and unending liberty.

We do not address ourselves to the European bourgeoisie, but only to the isolated spirits of a universal culture; to those who share Nietzsche's opinion that "the state is the coldest of the most monstrous cold." These spirits, these free-born anarchists, like Bakunin, Tolstoi, Stirner and Nietzsche, are mountain-tops which will be lit up by the first rays of a new day. Deep below there reigns still darkest night, and there live the ignorant, the great nation of workers, the great army of the future state. We believe that the thundering voice of the Russian revolution will reach even them, and that the trumpet of the Last Judgment will also wake the dead from the great European cemetery.

The day approaches, and all who rest in their graves can already hear the trumpet call of liberation, and all the dead are rising.

DMITRI MEREZHKOVSKI.

# "Efficiency" and "Slackers"

HOW can the "slackers" in our shipyards be made to work fast and be made to work full time? Here is a typical "problem" in "efficiency." Let us see what the "liberal" answer is and what the anti-"liberal" answer is.

That the problem exists is really undeniable. The evidence is too overwhelming. We have many riveting gangs driving fewer rivets in eight hours than they could easily and comfortably drive in six. And I know at least one shipyard in which a special bonus has been offered to men who will work more than forty hours a week; and yet many men refuse to work more than forty hours a week even to get that bonus.

The anti-"liberal" answer was clearly expressed by Senator McCumber in his speech in the Senate on the Bolsheviki. He said that the Bolsheviki in Russia have a "creed" which can be comprehended in the words "more, still more, and always more." He said that the Bolsheviki in Russia are deficient in the virtue of national patriotism. The "slackers" in our shipyards are simply American Bolsheviki. They are deficient in the virtue of national patriotism and they demand "more, still more, and always more."

Having thus discovered a disease so simple and yet so desperate, Senator McCumber proposed a remedy equally desperate and yet equally simple. He proposed that we should adopt his bill for "registering" all male citizens of the United States between the ages of 18 and 62 and for "subjecting" them to "the call of the government to perform such service in transportation, ship-construction and war-supplies as the government might require."

To this proposal your "liberal" of a certain type is ready with his reply. He says:

"Very well. You propose to have the power to make us go to work in industry precisely as you have the power to make us go to work in the army. You use the army as an example and as an argument. Splendid! The army pays no interest and no dividends. It has no stockholders and no bondholders. We will abolish all stockholders and all bondholders, or, rather, all stocks and all bonds, in transportation, in ship-construction and in war-supplies. And in the army the salaries, even for generals, are small. We will abolish all

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large salaries in transportation, in ship-construction and in war-supplies. Besides depriving Mr. Schwab of his income as a bondholder and stockholder, we will reduce his salary to, say, generously, $10,000 a year. We will have state socialism at once—no bonds, no stocks, no large salaries—just like the army. And the industrial conscript will have precisely the feeling enjoyed by the military conscript. He will be laboring to get his superiors to Berlin and not to Palm Beach. Capitalism in all our basic industries will have been abolished. We welcome you, Senator McCumber. We will accept your bill and we will simply expand it to make it just and to make it logical on the army pattern. But there is one difficulty. And it is an insuperable difficulty. As soon as your bill is expanded into logic and into justice, as soon as it compels all our basic industries to follow our army and to work entirely for the country and not at all for private owners, it will be crushingly defeated in both houses of Congress. Therefore your plan is impossible and ridiculous."

Having thus delivered himself, your "liberal" of a certain type immediately proceeds to rest entirely from his labors. *And the "slacking" in the shipyards continues just as before.* This "liberal" has no plan of his own. His claim to salvation is that he is against the "conservative" plan. It is a claim that may entitle him to a throne in the next world but not in this. He may be more "enlightened" and more like unto the seraphim for dispassionate discernment than Senator McCumber, but he is not one bit more helpful. And Senator McCumber, indeed, might in turn reply:

"You know I am not talking about logic or even about justice. I am talking about ships. I know I can conscript a half million men to build ships. And you can't scare me by talking about a 'revolution.' This is not a 'revolutionary' country. If it were, the Socialist party would be a real party or else there would be a real Labor party. But there isn't. And the gentlemen in the Senate whom you call 'reactionaries' go into the 'direct primaries' and get triumphantly returned by 'the people.' Mr. Penrose knows more about 'the people' than you do. They vote for him. And the war will drag on and on, and you will have to turn to the 'solid' men to save you, just as England has had to turn to Lord Curzon and Lord Milner and Lord Devenport and Lord Rhondda, and we will show you whether 'compulsion' can be used or not. My dear sir, they are using 'compulsion' in England now, successfully. They forbid 'slacking' by law and they punish 'slacking.' It can be done and it must be done and it will be done. Otherwise it is the world for the Germans and the abyss for us."

Well, they do punish "slacking" in England. At any rate, they punish it sometimes. I have myself seen workingmen tried and fined in England for not working a proper number of hours in a day. I have myself seen them fined for not turning out a proper amount of product in a day. But this "compulsion" in England does not begin with "compulsion." It begins with "agreement." It is an "efficiency" of precisely the sort which in these columns I have called a "liberal" "efficiency." It does not begin with a mere command and a mere obedience, with mere "levers" and mere "cogs." It begins with "self-conscious individuals" in "self-conscious associations."

Those workingmen whom I saw fined were fined in the course of the execution of an agreement between the government and the trade unions, and they were fined by "tribunals" on which trade-union agents were sitting. The agreement was an agreement to prevent "slacking" and to promote "productivity." It was made through an appeal to the *collective* sense of responsibility in the trade unions of England, and it was enforced with the help of "judges" who mounted the "bench" with trade union cards in their pockets.

How far have we gone toward a similar "liberal" "efficiency" in our shipyards in America? Of course, "conditions" are "different." They always are. Nevertheless, how far have we gone?

We certainly have given a large recognition to many trade unions. The Wage-Adjustment Board of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, for instance, was established only after an agreement with trade union leaders. Well and good. Every "liberal" must applaud. And the result has been to put a certain check upon anti-war sentiment and on actual strikes, on actual stoppage of work.

Senator McCumber might be pleased to know that many members of one of the most active of American trade unions were prevented from joining a certain Bolshevicious Get-Peace-Quick organization by a leader who kept saying succinctly:

"This government is giving us good wages and good hours and good recognition, and what do you want? Hindenburg?"

And, except for the carpenters, the trade unionists in most of our shipyards do seem to be going a bit easy now on strike-threats.

But this sort of thing is, after all, in the end, negative. The Wage-Adjustment Board holds a lot of hearings and then orders a lot of advances in wages; and what do the employees give in return? Do they promise, while they are working, to work full-time and full-speed? Do they promise to try to increase their output per man per day? I do not see that they do.

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I have asked the Wages-Production Board if we have any agreements with shipyard trade unions for the stimulation of productivity. I am told that we have not. I had never heard of one.

What the employees in our shipyards now give us in return for the increased wages sanctioned by the Wages-Adjustment Board is really not much more than this: that they engage to receive good wages and to make a good living uninterruptedly. I am glad that they are going to make a good living and that they are not going to strike and stop making a good living, but I find it hard to have a transport of gratitude about it. I applaud them, and I applaud the government, to date; but, surely, we must go farther.

In going farther, our first step, naturally, if we are "liberals," is to try to find and to remove the things that may *discourage* workingmen from working full-time and full-speed. Two such things are already known to everybody.

In a certain northern city there is a factory managed by a "he-man" of the most super-virile variety. His friends regard him as a great "scientific management" expert. His employees call him a mere "speed artist." What I have against him is that he does not deliver the goods. He lets an employee climb up to thirty dollars a week on a piece-rate on a certain machine, and then he turns the cheap old trick of cutting that piece-rate and of bringing that employee back down to twenty-five dollars a week; and he paid a dividend of almost a hundred per cent on his capital last year; and his whole working-force is worm-holed with the sentiment "He is getting *his,* and we will get *ours*"; and he has failed to make his employees stop "slacking"; and he has failed utterly to keep pace with his promised and scheduled deliveries of war-supplies to the government.

"Profiteering" and "Piece-Rate Slashing" are manifestly and admittedly inconsistent with national war-time "efficiency"; and therefore I count it a great gain for "efficiency" that the Wages-Adjustment Board of the Emergency Fleet Corporation is about to post notices in all the shipyards of the Philadelphia district saying that hereafter no cutting of piece-rates during the war will be allowed.

But, again, do the employees promise anything in return? Nothing specific, in the matter of productivity. And it is the matter of productivity, it is the matter of the full release of the whole energy of every man, that is the supreme matter for the winning of this war.

Why can we not come to the real bargain? In return for recognition and in return for a thorough elimination of "Profiteering" as well as of "Piece-Work Slashing," let the shipyard workingmen, in trade unions and in new shop organizations, promise us something substantial. Let them give us their collective word that they will do a full amount of work every day and that they will report for duty a full number of hours every week. And then, as in England, let that undertaking be put into law and operated under the joint-control of government, employers, and employees. Let "compulsion" come, but let it come with and through the one thing that ever for modern free self-conscious individuals can create a sense of collective responsibility in a collective task—namely, a collective undertaking given by an association of their own.

Such is the answer that a "liberal" "efficiency" would make to "slacking" in our shipyards. That is, such is the beginning of the answer it would make. We have not yet come really to that beginning.

What is the duty then of a "liberal" reporter or of a "liberal" editor? Is it to cry that all is well under a "liberal" administration? Or is it to cry that a "liberal" administration must organize itself in such a way as to be able to put its own natural "liberal" "efficiency" into full action?

WILLIAM HARD.

# Mooney and San Francisco

THE wave of enthusiasm for "preparedness" which was passing over the country in 1916 reached San Francisco in July, and on July 22nd the city held a "Preparedness Parade." At one o'clock an army of marchers estimated by friends of the demonstration at 51,000 and by opponents at about half that number were ready to fall in. Market street, from the Ferry building to Van Ness avenue, was lined with spectators. Shortly after half-past one the parade left the Ferry, somewhat behind schedule time. At its head, as grand marshal, rode Thornwall Mullally, chief assistant to the president of the United Railroads, one-time defendant in the graft prosecutions, and an arch-enemy of union labor. By two o'clock the parade stretched for more than a mile up Market street, between the lines of interested but undemonstrative onlookers. At six minutes after two a terrific explosion on the sidewalk in front of a saloon at Steuart and Market streets, a short distance from the Ferry, sent six spectators instantly into eternity, mortally wounded four more, and inflicted more or less serious injuries on forty others. The parade was temporarily halted; then, with admirable coolness, the marchers went on, passing by a detour around the scene of the tragedy.

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This ghastly incident caught San Francisco in a peculiarly unbalanced mood. Labor struggles, beginning with the longshoremen's strike in June, had culminated in the public declaration by the Chamber of Commerce of its intention to make San Francisco an "open-shop town," the organization by the Chamber of a "Law and Order" committee to repress the violence with which union labor was charged, and the raising of a fund for the purpose which later grew to a million dollars. The unions, embittered and suspicious, had looked upon the parade as an "open shop" demonstration. Two days before it occurred a crowded mass meeting in Dreamland Rink listened to speakers who denounced the advocates of "preparedness" as enemies of human liberty. On the same evening the Building Trades Council passed resolutions condemning the reported action of employers in forcing workingmen to march, and warning its members, because of rumors of a "frame-up," to "make no other protest than their silent non-participation in the preparedness parade." The day before the parade several newspaper editors had received letters containing vague threats of interference. Feeling between the two factions into which the city was divided grew tenser. More than one thoughtful observer held his breath in dread of some nameless catastrophe.

Up to the moment of the explosion the Chamber of Commerce probably did not have a majority of public opinion on its side. It seized upon the tragedy with masterful directness and used the horror of its own members and of the general public as a weapon in its fight against what it called, and doubtless considered, the "lawless elements" in union labor. The inner group which managed the affairs of the Law and Order Committee met on the day of the explosion and called a mass-meeting for the following Wednesday. President Koster, head of the Chamber and of the committee, said, in a newspaper statement: "This outrage is another expression of that disease our Law and Order Committee has started out to combat," and with delicate discrimination declared that "self-respecting trades unionists" would be welcome to the meeting. There was no attempt to conceal the desire of the Chamber to create the impression that if the explosion was not an act of union labor, it was in some way connected with the series of violent acts which had accompanied strikes recently in progress. The meeting was held and a partisan use was made of it. Sensational statements given to the newspapers by the Law and Order Committee and by District Attorney Charles A. Fickert strengthened ten times over the natural impulse (explainable, perhaps, by the psychologists) to regard any defendants who might chance to be accused of such a horrible crime as guilty. A public opinion developed in San Francisco which accepted as proofs of the guilt of the individual prisoners facts which proved nothing save the appalling nature of the offense.

From the day of the arrest of Thomas Mooney to the present one, this solid mass of public opinion has not melted away. It withstood the exposure of Oxman, of the Edeaus, mother and daughter, and other witnesses, and of the tactics adopted by District Attorney Fickert to mould and adjust their testimony to fit changing theories of the crime. It withstood the acquittal of Mrs. Mooney and Israel Weinberg and the release, on two hundred and fifty dollars' bail, of Edward Nolan. It bids fair to withstand the report of the President's labor commission, in which the claims of Mooney to a new trial are supported. It may even withstand a direct request from the President himself. Union labor itself is hostile or apathetic to the movement for a new trial; at the recall election last December about half of the union men who voted at all appear to have voted to keep Fickert in office. Personal politics, in which a few labor leaders were involved, accounts for some of the vote, but not for all of it.

For even a partial explanation the history of the principal defendants and of their relations with union labor on the one hand and the corporate interests of San Francisco on the other must be considered. Thomas J. Mooney; his wife, Rena; Edward Nolan, a machinist; Israel Weinberg, a jitney driver, and Warren K. Billings, a young adventurer of uncertain occupation, were arrested, within a few days of the explosion, probably at the instance of Martin Swanson, a corporation detective, with whom Mooney and Billings had previously come in contact.

Mooney had been an iron moulder and was for fourteen years a member of the moulders' union. In 1913 he took a prominent part in a prolonged strike of the employees of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, the leading corporation of its kind in Central California, and was arrested, tried several times, and acquitted, on a charge of transporting dynamite wherewith to blow up power line poles. Martin Swanson, then in the employ of the power company, was declared by Mooney to have "planted" the dynamite found in Mooney's possession. Warren Billings, who had been associated with Mooney during this strike, was also arrested on a charge of transporting dynamite, and though he, too, pleaded that he was the victim of a "plant," he was convicted and sentenced to serve two years in Folsom. In the summer of 1916 Mr. and Mrs. Mooney, Billings, and others, had been attempting to organize the employees of the United Railroads, the unpopular corporation which divides

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the street car business of San Francisco with the municipally-owned lines. Swanson, who was now working for the United Railroads, "shadowed" them. Weinberg was not intimate with the Mooneys, but his young son, Ernest, had been taking music lessons of Mrs. Mooney, and on one occasion he drove the Mooneys home from a strike meeting. This, apparently, was the reason for his arrest. When he was tried, late last fall, the evidence against him was so slight that not one member of the jury hesitated to vote for acquittal. Nolan was implicated by a white powder found in his cellar, which puzzled the police, but on examination turned out to be of an innocent nature. He was a member of the machinists' union, of a radical turn of mind, but with an unblemished record.

Long before 1916 Mooney broke with the established union leaders of San Francisco, who did not like him and neither approved of his opinions nor would assist him in his projects. He is vain, reckless and short-sighted. In theory, at least, he is probably an upholder of "direct action," though it is extremely doubtful if he is capable of murder. Billings belongs by temperament in the ranks of the I. W. W. He owes his conviction, in part, at least, to his failure to explain his actions on the afternoon of the parade. His story, privately told to his attorneys, but not brought out in court, is that he was engaged at the time of the explosion in sprinkling acid on a certain kind of "unfair" automobile. There is evidence to support this story. But a willingness to commit sabotage, to organize unauthorized strikes, and perhaps to blow up power line poles, was sufficient to outlaw both Mooney and Billings from well balanced union labor councils. The situation was such, therefore, that while the Chamber of Commerce was trying not only Mooney and Billings but union labor itself in the newspapers and in the courts, union labor was not willing to give the defendants more than half-hearted support. Almost every unit of organized labor outside of California was made to believe that an injustice done Mooney and Billings was an injustice done to them, but in San Francisco, where the echoes of the explosion had not yet died away, and where the Law and Order Committee was still carrying forward its policy of an "open-shop town," fully half of union labor was apathetic or hostile.

The consequence was that District Attorney Fickert had powerful support in his prosecution of the cases against Mooney and his fellow-defendants and met with very little opposition. It is probably an exaggeration to say that he entered into a conspiracy to convict. At first, like many less prejudiced observers, he probably believed that Mooney and the rest were guilty and that he had sufficient evidence to prove them so. When this belief was shaken he began to hunt for evidence, and when a district attorney in an American city begins to hunt for evidence wherewith to convict a prisoner whom almost everybody dislikes and almost everybody thinks is guilty, he is almost certain to find it. Fickert found what he wanted in Oxman and in the Edeaus.

When Fremont Older of the San Francisco Bulletin made the Oxman letters public, and followed them up with further evidence tending to show that Oxman was a perjurer and a suborner of perjury, and that Fickert had connived at perjury, the mind of the reading public of San Francisco was already made up. Certain ambitious labor leaders feared to jeopardize their own political standing by taking up the cause of the radical and outcast. Employers who thought the whole labor movement infected with anarchy had shut their minds tight against doubts of the defendants' guilt. Iteration and reiteration in newspapers hostile to the defendants had created the conviction that San Francisco was the centre of a plot against the present system of society, that Alexander Berkman's ferocious weekly paper, The Blast, was its journalistic expression, and that Mooney and Billings were its practical exponents. It was not a long step from this belief to the position that the defendants "should be hanged, whether they were guilty or not," and quite a large section of the public opinion of San Francisco took that step. In the state of mind which was at last reached there was, and is, an element of pure hysteria. Nothing but hysteria can explain the indignation with which the proposal to try Mooney a second time, and either hang him or free him according to the evidence, has been received. The Bulletin, which has been the staunchest advocate of a new trial, has been at times untactful, but it has never asked that any of the defendants be set free until legally acquitted, nor has it justified the hideous crime of which they are accused; yet in certain circles in San Francisco today the opinion is expressed, even if not believed, that the Bulletin secretly sympathizes with the crime. A quieter time may be needed to vindicate the policies of Fremont Older, whose unconventionality consists, not in believing in violence, but in believing in it less than his contemporaries do.

It is plain that the Chamber of Commerce—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say a few fanatics who did not represent the majority opinion of the Chamber, even though they happen to have been in control—succeeded in making a partisan issue out of what should have been a plain criminal trial. But it was a Pyrrhic victory. Organized labor is as strong, in San Francisco and elsewhere, as ever it was and unorganized labor, in whose

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ranks the impulse to lawlessness originates, seems more than ever convinced that the dominant portion of society does not intend to do it justice. The inspired hysteria of San Francisco has undone more than several years of enlightened industrial statesmanship can repair.

In the meanwhile the mystery of the bomb explosion seems destined to remain unsolved. One of the victims was a mining man; there is a theory that he was carrying dynamite and that the explosion was an accident. If it was not an accident it was the act of a maniac, but of what maniac, or set of maniacs, probably will never be known. For that, among other questionable services, Mr. Fickert is perhaps to be thanked.

Mooney is in prison under sentence of death, Billings under sentence of life imprisonment. Mrs. Mooney and Weinberg, acquitted of the crime, are kept in jail because of a legal fiction which permitted them to be indicted nine times for one act. District Attorney Fickert says that he will try each of them at least once more. This would be the crowning injustice, were not one's mind deadened to acts of injustice in these cases. ROBERT L. DUFFUS.

# *CORRESPONDENCE*

## Rights of the African Negro

SIR: In the fourteen articles of President Wilson's declaration of peace terms the name of Africa is nowhere mentioned. Prophets tell of Africa as the next source of war, but little has yet been said about the future of that continent and most of that has not been encouraging. Two articles entitled Politics in South Africa, by Mr. R. F. Alfred Hoernlé, and a third by Mr. H. G. Wells, on The African Riddle, have appeared in the columns of the New Republic.

In Mr. Hoernlé's articles three interesting conclusions are set forth:

1. The natives are a "menace" and a "common peril" to the English and Dutch because of the excellence they demonstrate as trained troops.

2. The natives are unfit for the vote and "are not politically mature enough for executive and administrative functions."

3. The announced policy of South African statesmen is that "Honesty, fair-play, justice and the ordinary Christian virtues must be the basis of all our relations with the natives." (Speech of Gen. Smuts.)

On the other hand, these facts by the same author illuminate the whole situation:

1. South Africa is "a small white aristocracy," whose citizens consider themselves above manual labor and regard the Negroes "as a vast reservoir of unskilled labor."

2. "No policy which would ultimately invoke that the white should admit the mass of the blacks to political power has any chance of acceptance."

3. Territorial segregation has been introduced to restrict the natives to limited areas. This is the "policy" to which Gen. Smuts (quoted above) pins his hopes.

So, by this view, it seems that the African is a "menace" to the English and Dutch in the same way his American brother is a "menace" to the people of the United States. His systematic persecution gives his overlords a just fear of his growing intelligence and his capabilities as a full-grown man. Just treatment being accorded to the Negro, all fear of him will be dissipated either in Africa, where he outnumbers the whites 5 to 1, or in the United States where he is outnumbered 10 to 1; the fear in Africa and in the United States being the same and growing out of the same consciousness of wrongdoing. The "Negro Problem" in Africa and in the United States is identical; the only problem is: "How much longer can we get away with it?"

Mr. Hoernlé further shows that the Dutch Nationalists hate the English and will contend for independence from "the British yoke" at the Peace Conference. Since the Allies are committed to the principle of self-determination, the Nationalists, who are not supporting the war, will invoke this principle for themselves so as to be able to further exploit the African who is now making history upon the battlefields as a defender of liberty. These Boers who regard the native races as "colored trash" and the Briton as "alien immigrants;" who have stolen the soil of the African under the German theory of divine right—allotting to themselves, in one case, 88 per cent of the Union territory to 1,250,000 whites and 12 per cent to 5,000,000 natives—this aristocracy will knock loudly upon the door of the Hall of Nations. What will it get?

The British Labor party, in its Report on Reconstruction (a declaration which gives greater satisfaction to democrats than any event of the war, save the Russian revolution), declares: "With regard to that great commonwealth of all races, all colors, all religions and all degrees of civilization, that we call the British empire, the Labor party stands for its maintenance and its progressive development on the lines of local autonomy and 'Home Rule All Round'; the fullest respect for the rights of each people, whatever its color, to all the democratic self-government of which it is capable, and to the proceeds of its own toil upon the resources of its own territorial home."

This democratic programme has raised a howl from the South African aristocracy, and Mr. H. G. Wells has rushed forward to assure it that British Labor cannot mean all it has said. He says British Labor means only that Negroes must not be armed, that their health and morals must be preserved, that they must not be enslaved and that fair treatment must be given African trade since "Africa is the great source of many of the most necessary raw materials."

But this apologetic plea that the gist of the Labor proposal must not be interpreted "as abrogating existing sovereignties" seems to indicate that Mr. Wells would win Sir Harry Johnston, Sir Alfred Sharpe and the other Sirs by strengthening their control in Africa. Is Mr. Wells hanging between the old order and the new, or does he doubt the reality of the Labor party manifesto? That body describes itself thus: "What marks off this party most distinctly from any of the other political parties is its demand for the full and genuine adoption of the principle of democracy." It talks as if it knew what it meant and we cannot accept Mr. Wells' tactful but misleading abridg-

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ment of its speech. No comfort should be given to South African politicians who are in danger of losing prestige by a new order of things. If existing sovereignties in Africa, at the peace, are not abrogated, they must be directly responsible to whatever international tribunal supervises the reconstruction.

International aid for Africa, aiming at the development of the African and his enjoyment of his own land, seems almost certain. For the fruits of this war will be secured in greater measure to the weaker and darker peoples than to any other. England will guarantee it, for she will not have one aim in India and another in Africa. France—will be France! The 700,000 black soldiers for whom she will speak are Frenchmen! The United States mistreats colored people at home but is generous to them abroad. New Russia will be eager to help another unfortunate. And who can foretell the new power of Japan? Not one of the Allies can be unconscious of the duty to Africa or the danger of careless readjustment. As Mr. Wells says, "A muddle-up in Africa this year may kill your son and mine in the course of the next decade."

R. McCants Andrews.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

## A Question of Arithmetic

SIR: In Washington the other day, a friend, whose husband has generously offered his services to the government, came to take me to her house for luncheon. When we left the New Willard, where I had fortunately found shelter for the night, a Packard limousine was waiting for us with two men in charge. I offered to pay the footman's fare if she would let him go home on the street car, and explained that it would give him a taste of the simplicity of life in war times and that his being out of sight would relieve my mind from puzzling over his labor value in winning the war and so would leave me undisturbed to enjoy this leisure noon hour. Perhaps she feared that he might rebel at riding in the street car with the multitude. At any rate she did not see the joke—and perhaps it wasn't a joke, for her husband is generously working for the government without salary. His services have never before been enthusiastically sought by any employer. In fact his business career has been rather restricted even in the well organized and well watered companies which have made his father a rich man. He is less than forty and hasn't been rejected by the army. He is in the Ordnance Department.

Washington is over-crowded. High government officials are forced to seek housing in the suburbs. But my friend's husband has brought with him no one but his wife and her maid, the two children and their nurses, the butler and the second man, the parlor maid, the cook and the kitchen maid, the upstairs maid, the laundress and her assistant, the yard man, his wife's chauffeur and her footman. At times he even drives his own car, and he has given up meat on Tuesdays and wheat on Wednesdays. Then, too, he is only paying $30,000 a year for a house that last year rented for $3,500.

They say it takes the work of sixteen persons in Europe to keep one man at the front. If that is so, and if it takes eighteen persons—not counting those outside his household who produce his food and clothing—to keep one clerk in the Ordnance Department in Washington, how many persons will it take in America to keep one man at the front?

Just how much will he eventually be saving the government by thus generously offering his services without pay?

Also just how much is this Ordnance clerk costing the congressmen, the senators, the members of the cabinet and the men who are doing the real work of the government, in the increased cost of living to everyone caused by the advent of this one man's simple household?

Father is used to paying the bills, perhaps Uncle Sam is also, but how much must Uncle Sam pay in increased salaries to government officials to help them meet the economic advance?

Kate Ogleby.

New York City.

## Our Ship of State

SIR: As the train stopped for a moment on the trestle I looked out and saw a great coal barge floating at its dock. Clumsy, huge and stodgy it sat, bulging with its useful load and solid as the granite pier itself.

On the deck of the ponderous hulk some merry ragamuffins had raised a red table cloth for a sail and were dancing and capering about with shouts of laughter.

The train pulled off but the picture remained, and as I closed my magazine I thought, how like the New Republic. It too conscientiously purveys its heavy load of useful freight—and I was conscious of a moment's wonder that it rested so lightly on my knee. How often I have soberly admired the weighty contents in its hold, and then at last have come to that jolly crew, making merry about "books and things." How deftly they leapt and cut their capers, hoping the while that their gay bunting might coax a thrill from out the sluggish keel! And then I wondered if it is necessary to force between two covers such incongruous moods as made up my picture, and even if it is good art for two such various methods to find expression in a single work. Must nimble wit and heavy wisdom be so carefully segregated? Would not each be improved by borrowing from the other and the whole more pleasantly composed? After all the purest wisdom is wasted if it goes unread, and though it be followed by the daintiest wit the same is lost if Morpheus intervenes.

Allen W. Jackson.

Boston, Massachusetts.

## A Christian State

SIR: The programme of the English Labor party published as a supplement to your issue of February 23rd outlines, as it seems to me, a state of society in which the conscience of Christians, unappeased after so many centuries, could at last find peace.

The leaven of Christ's clear teaching as to the duties of men to each other has been working all the while in the world, making acceptance of individual good fortune unbearably painful to certain sensitive souls, of whom St. Francis of Assisi is the greatest example, though permitting the mass of Christians to take for themselves and hold for their children the advantages they have inherited or been able to get by means of superior intelligence, the gift of energy or the favoring accidents of circumstance. In their secret consciences even these successful persons very well know that the organization of society which has favored them makes the poverty and degradation of great numbers of less fortunate people inevitable. But

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the churches of all denominations have smoothed their path for them by upholding in the main at every period the established social order and by offering the giving of alms as a salve to conscience. Thus the Christian has been able to keep his attention fixed on the good he does and forget that he has any responsibility for the misery he exerts himself to mitigate.

Once, however, a state of society such as that planned by the English Labor party comes within the range of practical politics he must long for its success, and at the very least he must be willing to have it tried to the farthest limit of practicability. Every step towards the goal should be a joyful step for a Christian, since as a member of such a society he could read Christ's Sermon on the Mount without the drugging of his conscience now necessary.

For myself, I long to have assuaged the sense of sin with which life in the world as at present organized has afflicted me since childhood. Therefore I thank you for the publication of a document that gives such hopes for the future.

HENRIETTA FOSTER.

## The Unstable Volunteer

SIR: It is an obvious and well known fact that there is more work to be done at present than there are workers to do it and this situation has brought from homes of all kinds a response of which we may well be proud. The leisure class is fast disappearing. The months before us are full of work, pressing serious, calling for devoted, responsible service.

The social agencies are burdened as seldom before with by-products of the war—soldiers' families to be cared for, demands for clothing, bandages, unlimited, the need of Americanization daily more pressing, the awakened patriotism of girls and women asking for classes in war work. All these must be met and who is to meet them? With one accord, social agencies are demanding the time and effort of the volunteer, the girl home from college or school, the woman with a grown-up family or no family—the so-called leisure class. And they respond. They undertake the responsibility for a family or a club, they take some training perhaps, they come often for a month, and then—their mothers decide they are doing too much, or they must go away for a month or so, or a new organization more exciting comes along—or—well, we all know the list of reasons. It is a sad tale and many paving stones to lower regions bear witness to the tragedy of it. Many families inadequately provided for, many clubs gone to pieces, incidentally many social workers on the verge of nervous collapse bear witness to it also. Of course there are a few who are faithful, devoted, loyal, and those few we honor and admire the more because they have resisted the temptations which have borne so many down. We would thank them in the names of their families, their clubs, their chairmen.

But the important point is, why are there so few? Is it the fault of the social agency, a lack of oversight, a failure to express appreciation perhaps—or a more serious failing—a more or less subconscious undervaluing of their worth and persistency, the result probably of previous disappointments, but bound also to affect the attitude of each new volunteer. It may be one or all of these and if so, will not any volunteers who are readers of the New Republic "communicate" also. The social agencies would welcome any criticism of the kind.

Of the many reasons, however, which volunteers themselves have telephoned and mailed me for giving up their responsibilities, one appears most persistently: "My mother thought it was a wet night and I had a cold;" "My mother thinks I have undertaken too much." It may be that mother bears the blame for her daughter's irresponsibility or it may be that she too is responsible as her daughter says, for her failure to appear. If so, I think mothers should consider seriously the harm they may be doing in encouraging that attitude. We will not mention the families, clubs, etc. which indirectly are her responsibility, but from the daughter's point of view alone, it seems a dangerous policy. Daughters who miss the stimulus of a "job" in the world, who never know the joy of work that must be done—at a certain time in a certain way—the feeling of being a necessary part in the serious, self-supporting world, have already missed much which makes life worth while. Why take from them also the real work which they can get as volunteers if they take it seriously.

Numerous mothers regard their daughters as still playing with life. The appointments they have made, the responsibilities they have undertaken are not real, but play duties, which can be turned off, just as arrangements to play dolls with the neighbor's little girl were ten or fifteen years ago. I do not mean that a girl should be encouraged to take pneumonia, but after all, the real workers of the world, work regardless of temperature or weather or social engagements, and this is an opportunity for the volunteer to become a necessary part of the fabric of society, by proving that she takes her work seriously as a real responsibility. I would urge all who are volunteers or the mothers of volunteers to consider the question.

A. L. C.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

## In Defense of Mr. Penty

SIR: It seems to me that Mr. Randolph Bourne has missed a good deal of the real significance of Mr. Penty's Old Worlds for New. Mr. Penty is not a romanticist, but speaks from an intimate knowledge of trade conditions, acquired both as a workman in New York, making sham antiques, and as an architect in England. He does not contemplate the elimination of machinery at all, but like other English writers—Orage, Ashbee, etc.—on the guild idea, desires to distinguish between the *use* and *abuse* of machinery. He thinks the workers in any industry should be best able to draw this line for themselves. This is only one element in the idea of the self-determination of vocational groups which is rapidly becoming a more important issue than even the self-determination of geographical areas.

In the organization of vocational groups in the west, and a relaxation of the existing caste and guild organizations of the east, it is possible to foresee a common basis of agreement amongst the workers of the world. Unless we in this way substitute function for race, we shall find it only too difficult to get away from the present regime of tariffs and immigration laws without disaster.

It is hardly fair to complain that Mr. Penty does not work out his scheme in every detail: he does present a living idea.

ANANDA COOMARASWAMY.

Boston, Massachusetts.

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# At the Capitol

## Congress as Executive

TWO months ago a large section of Congress and of the country was exercised about administrative inefficiency in the conduct of the war; excitement ran so high that Congress was on the point of enforcing drastic reorganization by a war council and a new executive department. The President did not favor such large innovations, but he submitted in turn a more modest measure, one which would permit him to rearrange the functions of existing departments in whatever way should seem wise. The President's scheme, embodied in the Overman bill, had not, on March 10th, been reported out of committee. Congressmen fear it because, as they say, it may give the President too much power.

Amendment after amendment has been discussed in committee to narrow the possible scope of the proposed bill. One would have the shifting of powers and appropriations take place only within departments. Another would limit such changes to the War and Navy Departments. Congress has been brought up on the system of making appropriations piecemeal—so much for this purpose and so much for that, this sum to be expended by this bureau and that sum by the other; said bureaus to have such officials and so many clerks at such salaries; appointments to be confirmed by the Senate. Congress does not wish to relinquish this detailed oversight of administration. It pleads for reorganization, and it refuses to give the responsible executive officer the power to reorganize.

There is no other government in the world, no successful corporation in the United States, run on such a principle. If the British Premier and cabinet wish even to establish new ministries, or to combine or abolish existing ones, they do not have to wait for Parliament to clear away a lot of legal red tape. They are responsible to Parliament for results, they may be called to account by Parliament at any time, but Parliament is too busy with important matters of policy to bother about telling any given Minister how his office should be divided.

There are in Washington ten executive departments, besides the many administrative bodies not represented in the Cabinet, such as the Food and Fuel Administrations, the Shipping Board, the War Industries Board, the Federal Trade Commission, the War Trade Board, and the Interstate Commerce Commission. In the aggregate this administrative overhead of the country is charged with the expenditure of more money and with the employment of more subordinates than any other organization in the world. Yet Congress pretends in legislation discussed and enacted on its floor to regulate in detail the operation of this vast machinery. The very attempt overburdens it so that it is incapacitated for its real work.

Remember the highly important measures which have just been before the national legislative body. A bill establishing the conditions under which the railroads of the country shall be taken over by the government. A bill establishing a government corporation so to manipulate credit that necessary war enterprises may be carried on and unnecessary ones may be discouraged. Appropriation bills to encourage agriculture and carry on other governmental activities. All measures not only of first importance in the conduct of the war, but involving complex issues which will have a profound influence on the future of the nation.

Then read the pages of discussion in the Congressional Record on the various appropriation bills. You will find columns, literally, about whether the clerks of Representatives should be paid direct out of the Treasury or through the Congressmen, about whether the Capitol barbers are barbers or merely laborers, and if the latter what their labor is, about whether $4,500 shall be appropriated for packing boxes, about whether the custodian of a reading room shall have his salary raised from $1,500 to $2,000 or to $2,500. You will find a heated debate in the Senate as to whether the seeds now distributed by Congressmen shall be distributed by the Department of Agriculture, and as to whether they may include seeds of flowers and other non-edible plants. It was decided that they should include flower seeds and that they should continue to be distributed by Congressmen, and there was appropriated for this purpose exactly $7,680 less than was appropriated last fall for the United States Employment Service, whose business it is to find labor for the farms and industries of the country.

It may be that by such activity Congress believes it is discharging its responsibility to the people for the control of the purse-strings. But even if one grants that a few scattered dollars are saved in this way, twice as much is wasted by the administrative inflexibility which the system creates. In the War Department, for instance, efficient reorganization has necessitated the transfer of control over certain appropriations from one bureau to another. The legal control, however, has not been changed, so that the chief of the original bureau has to spend a large part of his highly paid time signing contracts approved by the chief of the bureau to whom actual control has been transferred.

This is only a small instance of the mines which Congressional habit lays in the path of efficiency. How is the remade War Industries Board to take control of purchases which are lagging in various departments, and turn them back again when they can safely be turned back? Without the Overman bill, only by a long series of bureaucratic consents, delegations and duplications. How is a growing Labor Administration to take under the jurisdiction of Secretary of Labor functions now exercised in other departments, if it should show sufficient cause and ability? Only by that abomination of Washington, the interdepartmental coordinative and cooperative committee.

No one can tell beforehand exactly what readjustments will be advisable. They must be determined from time to time by responsible executives. Every one admits that even a council or a board in continuous session is a bad executive. Yet Congress is trying to retain power to make these minor executive decisions itself, and to make them all at once, in advance.

In the meantime the major legislative measures are put through Congress one after another under forced draft, because they are pressing, and Congress has no time to discuss them adequately. Not a bill goes through without a protest from some one that it has not been given sufficient consideration. The answer of the committee's spokesman is always that this is the measure wanted by the administration, and that there is no time for prolonged debate. And some one complains of executive usurpation, and the bill is passed. Meanwhile the only bills which Congress does hold up for interminable and futile discussion are the ones enacting legislative usurpation. If Congress could devise some way of letting the administration administer, and holding it responsible for results, Congress might gain a little more ability to legislate.

G. S.

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# According to Trotzky

*Our Revolution, by Leon Trotzky. Essays on working-class and international revolution (1904-1917), collected and translated by Moissaye J. Olgin. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.*

"LEFT to its own resources," wrote Trotzky in 1906, "the Russian working class must necessarily be crushed the moment it loses the aid of the peasants. Nothing remains for it but to link the fate of its political supremacy and the fate of the Russian revolution with the fate of a Socialist revolution in Europe."

In this prophetic sentence, written twelve years ago, Trotzky comprehended with candor and "realism" the prospects of successful revolution in Russia. It gave him no difficulty twelve years ago to foresee the establishment of a revolutionary labor government. He foresaw it accurately. He also foresaw the peasants' relation to it, and the good liberals' relation to it. What he needed to see as well was the European revolution, especially the revolutionary movement of the German proletariat. The German proletariat, in fact, is proving the pivot on which the whole Russian revolution is turning. For this reason Trotzky needed to believe that "the Second Russian Revolution will be the beginning of a powerful social-revolutionary struggle in Europe. Only this struggle will bring real peace to the blood-drenched world." To believe that the "national unity" of the German people could be shattered—that was Trotzky's one needful aspiration. The degree in which it was a baseless and culpable aspiration is the degree in which the revolutionary labor movement in Russia has faltered.

What good Americans do not realize, as a rule, is the two-sided aspect of the Russian revolution. With their eyes fixed on Siberia and the knout, Americans of every description—settlement workers, anarchists, bankers, senators—have universally agreed on the desirability of a revolution away from Tsarism. A few spiritual natures like Jane Addams have revolted at the thought of assassination and have hated the sins of revolution while loving the sinnners; but most Americans have been blithe about assassination and have secretly wished the assassins good luck. Their point, however, has always been the negative revolt out of Tsarism, not a positive revolution into socialism. And it is the positive revolution into socialism for which the most resolute and powerful element in Russia stood. This is likely to cause a reaction in the good American, once he grasps it; and the worse the reaction is, the more likely he is to shrink from and belittle the so-called fanatical elements in the Russian revolution. To replace the absolutism of the Tsar by a liberal democracy is usually the height of American aspiration. To replace the absolutism of the Tsar by the absolutism of the proletariat, even though the proletariat is fifteen or twenty per cent of the population, is emphatically not the American dream. So understandable is this that no follower of Trotzky would expect a bourgeois American to think otherwise, whether the bourgeois American was Charles Schwab of the Steel Corporation or President Wilson. But there is a difference between disagreeing with the revolutionary labor aspiration and misrepresenting it. To represent it accurately is a selfish duty we owe ourselves.

The first step in this direction is to part company with those blindly partisan American newspapers who think it desirable and gainful to caricature such revolutionists as Trotzky. To represent Trotzky as Meyer Bronstein, an upstart pants-presser from the Bronx, is to appeal cunningly to anti-Jewish prejudice and anti-poverty prejudice, but it is a fatal mistake. Newspaper proprietors named Pulitzer and Ochs and Ochs Oakes are in no position to blame a man for being a Jew, or to hint that because Bronstein changed his name to Trotzky he sought to disguise his nationality. "I have never heard of a Gentile bearing the name Trotzky," says the translator, Mr. Olgin. "Trotzky has never concealed his Jewish nationality. He was too proud to dissimulate." He changed his name as Gorki and Shchedrin and Sologub and Lenin and Stepniak changed their names, under the Russian bureaucracy. But more absurd than the suggestion that Trotzky is masquerading as a holy Russian is the suggestion that he is a wild-eyed anarchist pants-presser who has rushed from the Bronx to head a revolution in Russia without stopping to smooth his hair. Only people who know absolutely nothing about Russia, who have taken their notions on socialism from traffic cops, are ready to believe such moving-picture melodrama. What are the facts about Trotzky? The biographical notes that introduce this volume state them with clarity and simplicity: Trotzky left the University of Odessa at twenty to engage in revolutionary activity. In 1898 he was arrested after ten months' Marxian agitation in the workmen's circles of Nikolayev. He spent two and a half years in prison in Odessa and was then sent to Siberia. After two years in Siberia he escaped. He returned more of a revolutionist than ever, prepared to work as writer as well as agitator. At the end of 1905, a member of the Petersburg Council of Workmen's Deputies, he was again arrested. Now he served over a year in prison, and was sent to Siberia "forever." Again he escaped, after a terrific journey across 500 miles of wilderness. He settled in Vienna, editor of a revolutionary magazine and ardent revolutionary politician deeply involved in the affairs of the Social-Democratic Party. Between 1907 and 1917 he moved wherever his writing and his international political activity took him. The editor of this volume met him in Stuttgart in 1907, in Copenhagen in 1910, in Vienna in 1913 (in 1912 he was a war correspondent in the Balkans). When the war broke out Trotzky went to Switzerland, then to France, then to Spain, his removals being accredited to the vigilance of the Russian foreign ministry. In 1916 he came to the United States. During that winter, 1916-1917, he had almost lost heart. "His conversation hinged around the collapse of International Socialism." But "his belief in an impending Russian Revolution was unshaken. Similarly unshaken was his mistrust of the Russian non-Socialist parties." While in New York he wrote for a local Russian paper, several of his articles being here reprinted. Then, after the revolution broke, he started back to Russia, to "fight for a labor government, for Internationalism, for world peace, for a world revolution."

It would need the pen of a Joseph Conrad to portray this grim and sardonic man whose movements are here skeletoned, to show in flesh and blood this figure of a willing revolutionist. As a preliminary to such a picture, however, it would be necessary for most Americans to forget their own comfortable world, to step into the hurricane of a country that is in upheaval, an upheaval willed by the proletariat and for a time actually under their control. "Yours for the revolution," Jack London signed himself, and out of the thick of our general social complacency H. G. Wells retorted, "there ain't goin' to be

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no revolution!" One must stride fast and far to leave this habitual security of H. G. Wells and imagine the social order really revised as Trotzky foresaw it revised, all through these essays. The thing to be grasped, of course, is the clean-cut determination of Trotzky, the refusal to veil or compromise. "The struggle for power, for public authority—this is the central aim of the revolution." Such phrases are recurrent, and every step of the programme is calculated and arranged. It is a science to Trotzky, with objective and subjective aspects, but clearly necessitating an open contest for political power and foreordained to result in the proletariat's triumph. Only once does the emotion of the man break through in a voice that betrays the strain and anguish of his relentless passion. Only once is the personal cost taken into account. "The simpletons and hypocrites who urge us to 'keep within legal limits' remind one of Marie Antoinette who recommended the starving peasants to eat cake! One would think we suffer from an organic aversion for cake, a kind of incurable disease! One would think our lungs infected with an irresistible desire to breathe the atmosphere of the solitary dungeons in the Fortress of Peter and Paul! . . . History is a tremendous mechanism serving our ideals. Its work is slow, barbarously slow, implacably cruel, yet the work goes on. We believe in it. Only at moments, when this voracious monster drinks the living blood of our hearts to serve it as food, we wish to shout with all our might:

*"'What thou dost, do quickly!'"*

It is important for the liberals whom Trotzky despises, for the bourgeoisie whom he derides as evilly imperialistic, to see exactly what he means. It is true we are Philistines in his eyes, but to some one each of us will always be a Philistine. It is true that the revolution has not worked out quite as Trotzky expected, so far. His guarantee that "a European war means a European revolution" was not redeemed as he could have wished. But the simultaneous action of the proletariat of all the world is not entirely inconceivable. The aphorism, "there ain't goin' to be no revolution," is nothing but stocking up putty to mend the main beam. Will revolution supply a new beam? That is a different question. Trotzky, as I see him, has his own intolerable absolutism. With a tremendous cause to fight for, he is still as one-sided as George Haven Putnam. But that is no reason for not comprehending him and realizing that he and his kind are only beginning to recognize their leverage on the policies of the world.

F. H.

# "Others"—and Others

*Others, An Anthology of The New Verse. New York: A. A. Knopf. $1.25.*

*Old Christmas, by William Aspenwall Bradley. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25.*

*First Poems, by Edwin Curran. Published by the Author, Zanesville, Ohio. 35 cents.*

ONE suspects Mr. Kreymborg, who has edited the 1917 "Others," of desiring to rouse as much antagonism as possible, not only among those antiquarians who believe that the sonnet form may outlast Vorticism, but among those anarchs whose poetic radicalism expresses itself in capitalized emotions and lower-case letters at the beginning of each line. Mr. Kreymborg does not even wait for an argument; he plants a chip on his shoulder (or, to be more precise, on the flamboyant cover) by inserting the definite article in his sub-title, "An Anthology of The New Verse." And yet there is a sly reason for its employment, since the most definite thing about the volume is that article. I turn to the first poem in the book; a study, I venture to say in differential calculus, entitled *"Ing."* The first dozen lines shape themselves thus:

Ing? Is it possible to mean ing?
Suppose
for the termination in *g*
a disoriented
series
of the simple fractures
in sleep.
Soporific
has accordingly a value for soap
so present to
sew pieces.
And *p* says: Peace is.

This, however, is only one phase of Mr. Arensberg's gift. The reader who is inclined to a more lush lyricism may prefer the poet when he turns to the poignant painting of landscapes, as in the lines entitled "For 'Shady Hill,' Cambridge, Mass." I ruthlessly detach two colorful segments:

A drink into home use indicates early Italian. Other wise
*"the element of how*
*keeps insides. Nothing has now."*
But after the carpet whose usury can eat thirds?

Blunders are belted in cousins. Use what listens on
Sunday, and catchy elms will oxidize pillows.
Any need is original in absence. . . . . .
*which have the butters of extra broken*
*on badges biting a needle to partners*
*if only the bridge is fluent*
*let it not nice.*

This, it must be admitted, is slightly derivative. There are suggestions of a disorganized and ultra perverse Beardsley, scraps from the Yellow Book re-written by Gertrude Stein. Possibly there is more originality in Wallace Steven's "The Worm at Heaven's Gate" (in spite of its Shakespearian tang), in Miss Moore's lucid lines concerning "In This Age of Hard Trying Nonchalance is Good, And —" or Mr. Kreymborg's more precise and almost mathematical magic.

We have a one-room home.
You have a two-room, three-room, four-room.
We have a one-room home.
because a one-room home is all we have.
We have a one-room home
because a one-room home holds all we have.
We have a one-room home
because we do not want
a two-room, three-room, four-room.
If we had a two-room, three-room, four-room
we would need more than a one-room home.
We have a one-room home.
We like a one-room home.

It is refreshing to see, in this age of fire and intensity,

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that there is at least one group of artists who live to make merely beautiful and precious things, such as the tremulous lines already quoted; that there still exist some poets who are content to make exquisite decorations, for whom life is too vigorous and health too vulgar. We had thought that, when the breath of Whitman swept like a great gust over the fields of poetry, the affectations, the soft sighings had been blown away; that, confronted with this new and more human singing, the limp lilies had withered and the lithe, lank Liliths had picked up their Burne-Jonesian skirts and scurried off. But, thanks to Messrs. and Mesdames Arensberg, Cannél, Loy, D'Orge, et al., the tradition has been revived. The lilies, tenderly transplanted, have been made to grow into bewildering, multicolored mushrooms; the Liliths have studied Freud and can misquote Havelock Ellis at a moment's notice. Their impulses are not so much nostalgic as a glorification of the neurasthenic; their Muse is at home nowhere so much as in the psychopathic ward. The odor that their work exhales is that of synthetic roses decaying in a curtained, candle-lit room. It is the art of evasion, of eroticism gone to seed, of a perfumed and purposeless revolt.

The volume, however, is less consistent than its code. Here and there one comes upon failures to live up to the programme. Maxwell Bodenheim's delicacies are daringly clear and his images are fresh without attempting the latest heresy. David O'Neill is pictorially forceful even though he is still bound by the malignant fetters of grammar, thought and punctuation. T. S. Eliot catches the grotesque shadows and the overtones of casual conversation; Helen Hoyt is intense without straining for intensity; and Carl Sandburg (one considers him scarcely as an "other" but thinks of him in terms of himself) is here evidently by the accident of technique. Even Alfred Kreymborg occasionally takes the tongue out of his cheek to utter an intelligible irony. But the greater part of these discursive pages is given over to falsetto abstractions and elaborate analyses of essentially simple minds. One leaves the volume with the feeling that one has witnessed the vivisection of a marshmallow, the careful probing of a soap-bubble.

Mr. Bradley's volume is a somewhat different matter; in one sense, it is the other end of the poetic extreme. Others is nine-tenths manner; Old Christmas is ninety per cent matter. Not that the volume is without music; there is plenty of it here, but it is anybody's tune but Mr. Bradley's.

> "'Twas Judith. Soon he learned her name,
> And soon a chance to meet her came.
> Then love for both sprang swift and sweet—
> The sweeter, that they had to meet
> In secret on the mountain-side,
> Till one o' Judith's brothers spied
> Upon them. Then her father swore
> That she should never dark his door
> Again if she saw Jason. So
> The lovers fixed it up to go . . .

et cetera. These regular couplets wind their unwearying length through stories that are only a little less time-worn than their accent; they have melody but no magic. Here and there Mr. Bradley lives up to the promise of his insinuating preface. But one expects something more vivid and less glib from one who, after a sojourn in the Southern Appalachians with unusual opportunities to become acquainted with the life and character of the mountain people, offers us a series of Kentucky Tales in Verse, whose most characteristic features are in the prose introduction. Apropos of the speech of the Southern highlander, Mr. Bradley writes: "It is singularly free from those pale, stereotyped expressions which are the result of newspaper reading. Living in the closest physical contact with nature, under conditions still largely those of pioneer life, and thus interested in things rather than in ideas, the mountaineer expresses himself racily, and with simple force and directness." . . . And a few pages later, in the title poem, we find one of these mountaineers remarking casually:

> "As the earth stirred
> With sweet new life, in bud and bird,
> In orchards bowering each abode
> She passed upon the rude creek road;
> With pink-tipped laurel drifted high,
> Something within her strange and shy,
> Seemed also stirring with new life.
> She was no more a childless wife,
> But *mother*. Then, when summer came
> Searing the hillsides with fierce flame. . . ."

As an expression of "raciness," of "simple force and directness" one finds it not altogether "free from those pale, stereotyped expressions which are the result of reading"—books, magazines and even the newspapers. The presence of transplanted Sauls, Davids, Fausts makes the characters seem even more type-like and less actual than they are. There is something in Mr. Bradley's uninspired narrative tone that brings his people down to the level of flat fiction; they contrast poorly with the rounded portraits in the native exhibits of Robert Frost or the sharply etched studies in Edgar Lee Masters' gallery, even with the more obviously costumed characters in John Hay's almost forgotten "Pike County Ballads." One prefers Mr. Bradley when he is not so local; when he pursues a beauty with which he is more of an intimate and less of an ingratiating visitor, a summer vacationist on tour.

The third volume differs from the preceding two as much in spirit as it does in physical pretensions. Here is no bibliophile's *format,* no rich margins, but thirty haphazard pages in a card-board cover on which is printed this naïve note: "Reviewers please include address of author and price of book (35 cents postpaid) in notices. Any help in distribution will be appreciated. Author is a railroad telegrapher, 25, unmarried, a beginner and needs a publisher. If this volume meets expenses, another, possibly better, will be issued." One turns the pages expecting to find something in the Sweet Singer of Michigan vein, some new burlesque epic á la James Byron Elmore. And then one's eye is arrested by lines like:

> We have not died. . . . Your harp is playing still.
> I see the moon go spinning up Troy sky,
> While stars shake out to music down their hill
> Where all the clarion trumpets whistle by.

or these:

> I walked out in God's house across the grass
> Seeing its beautiful carpet and green walls;
> His stairways of the hills where He could pass
> And tramp up on their steps across his halls.
> I saw His chairs, the flowery-paved plateaus;
> His soft divans and turfted velvet dells,
> And saw His hearth out where the sunset glows
> Where He sits, calling night with mellow bells.

Elsewhere there is less strangeness and potency. These brief pages are a jumble of beauty, incoherence, passion,

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platitude, bad grammar and great exaltation. Nothing that I have seen in recent years has seemed so much the result of sheer inspiration and poor schooling. There is little or no critical perception here; only a blind response to a mood that sweeps the poet like an unconscious instrument. It lifts to a high plane such uneven poems as Soldier's Epitaph, To Future Generations and Sailing of Columbus; it leaps out of lines like:

"We climbed the slippery alleys of the seas."

or:

"The stars, like bells, flash down the silver sky;
Ringing like chimes on frozen trees, or cry
Along the marble ground."

or this (of Autumn):

But I can find no melancholy here,
To see the naked rocks and thinning trees;
Earth strips to grapple with the winter year.
I see her gnarled hills planned for victories!

or this:

"Watch! said my soul, and I looked on the world;
The moon fell down its golden well, a flower;
Its exquisite and lovely petals curled;
And all the stars rained in a silver shower.
Hear! said my soul, the whistle in the gale
And listening, came the tapping bells afar
And sweeping strings of God's immortal nightingale
Perched on a bough—or was it on a star?"

It is impossible to guess whether or not sophistication will refine and amplify this poetic speech. Study and self-criticism may destroy the impulse that is so fresh because it is so unforced. And all the "schools" could do little to improve such a rhapsodic burst as:

Sentinel, break the night with a golden spear—
Why does it stand out in the field like one
Who clings to all the earth with craven fear,
Pushing with his shoulder on the rising sun?

Sentinel, unlock the morning from its chains;
Throw by the bolts from off the eastern door;
Unlock that portal hingeing on the plains,
And let the dawn-gate loose its golden store.

Ring out cathedral bells with glorious light,
*Sentinel, lift your spear and break the night!*

One thing, at least, is certain. The other volume, of which Mr. Curran hints, will be a better and larger one. And unless the market for poetry fails suddenly, his next publisher will not have to be Edwin Curran, Moorehead avenue, Zanesville, Ohio.

L. U.

# John Muir

*A Thousand-Mile Walk to the Gulf, by John Muir. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50.*

HOW is the peculiar way of a fine individual life to be told to the world? Not only by formal biography and autobiography doubtless, but by the speech of painters and poets, by kodak pictures, the remarks of the neighbors, and what Whitman acutely described as "Glints."

It has chanced to be W. W.'s own fortune, that his journey through life has been expressed to us almost entirely by glints, and in a very disordered if highly agreeable manner. But the day-by-day gait, the personality, the bearing of this immortal traveler are I believe very truly known, very genuinely understood by a large public. Among men who have made striking, original contributions to democratic philosophy, the fame of John Muir has had somewhat the same history.

Thus A Thousand-Mile Walk to the Gulf, first published in 1917, written as a journal by John Muir half a century before, in 1867, and describing his adventures at twenty-nine, tells now of a stretch of his earthly journey which immediately antedates that of the Sierra Summer long familiar to his admirers, a stretch which antedates indeed the autobiographic tales of all his other books except My Boyhood and Youth.

In the large designs of John Muir, and of Whitman, it is true, time, as it is conventionally regarded, was a rather unconsidered element. Perhaps for this reason the confusion characterizing the presentation to us of their years on the earth has not at all blurred our vision of the spiritual outline of either traveller. If one could pay a visit, like Captain Stormfield's, to heaven, amidst all the bewilderment of the crowds, the ages and the revaluated personalities encountered there, one would find I believe that for oneself and for thousands and thousands of our fellow-mortals, who had never seen in the world either the walker of the Sierra forests, or the inspired passenger on Brooklyn Ferry, the figures of Walt Whitman and of John Muir would be instantly identifiable and familiar.

The beautiful, temporal days of John Muir which the Thousand-Mile Walk realizes for the reader, are those following soon after a grave, accidental injury to his eye-

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sight. Permanent blindness was feared for him. Immediately after he left the dark room:

"As soon as I got into heaven's light, I started on another long excursion, making haste with all my heart to store my mind with the Lord's beauty, and thus to be ready for any fate, light or dark. And it was from this time that my long continuous wanderings may be said to have commenced."

He walked through the forests and caves of Kentucky: "I had long been looking from the wild woods and gardens of the Northern States to those of the warm South, and at last, all drawbacks overcome, I set forth from Indianapolis on the first day of September, 1867, joyful and free on a thousand-mile walk to the Gulf." He walked through the Cumberland mountains, through the Georgia River country, by the Chattahoochee, in the green and purple-panicled grasses, by wild passion-flowers and fresh pomegranates and Spanish moss, and mysterious cypress woods, on to Florida, where he fell sick of fever.

His purse being now very slender, he had engaged in mill-work here; and in his illness was kindly cared for by his employers through a long convalescence in their house among the live-oaks and in the calm of the dark cedar-coroneted Keys. "I used to lie on my back for days beneath the ample arms of these great trees, listening to the winds and the birds," looking at the "herons, white as wave-tops, or blue as the sky, winnowing the warm air on wide, quiet wing," looking at the Majestic Gulf sunsets over "the palmy islands and their encircling waters."

On these waters he was destined to sail away not to return again for thirty-one years. After this interval, on an eastern journey of his, he called on his old friends, and found his hostess, Mrs. Hodgson, in her garden. "I asked her if she knew me. 'No, I don't,' she said, 'tell me your name.' 'Muir,' I replied. 'John Muir? My California John Muir?' she almost screamed. I said, 'Yes, John Muir; and you know I promised to return and visit you in about twenty-five years, and though I am a little late—six or seven years—I've done the best I could."

Yes, in the large design of John Muir, time, as it is conventionally regarded, was a rather unconsidered element; and as the reader walks a thousand miles to the gulf with the poetic traveller, he too ceases to live in time, or to be the citizen of a mere local habitation. He lives in the dream of eternity and becomes a citizen of the immortal universe.

E. F. W.

## Disasters

*Disasters, by J. Byron Deacon. New York: Russell Sage Foundation. 75 cents.*

MR. DEACON'S book on Disasters is not just another necessary but technical and uninspired treatise on ways and means of relief and rehabilitation in times of catastrophe. It is far more than that. It is a fascinating story of the development of a technique for coping with human suffering on a large scale. It is a setting forth of principles of relief administration which can profitably be applied to all efforts to conduct public charities. With the horrible example of Halifax's suffering so recent, it is reassuring to know that practical steps and measures adequate to do everything in human power to relieve the situation have been devised, all the more reassuring when it is declared that this knowledge was actually applied at Halifax.

This book gets its vivid interest from the extensive description of floods, fires, coal mine catastrophes, accidents at sea and tornadoes. But these forceful illustrations of the havoc which natural forces can work are tellingly used to establish the principles of disaster relief. These, Mr. Deacon has himself conveniently summarized as follows: "coordination and centralization of relief forces are essential; relief administration divides itself into two periods—first, emergency relief, and second, rehabilitation; the family is the unit of relief; need, not loss, is the basis of relief; accurate determination of need, by family, is the only basis for a just and effective distribution of relief."

Mr. Deacon more than lives up to the demands imposed by the editor upon the series of which his book is the first, since he not only explains his "meaning lucidly and in brief compass," but he writes an entertaining narrative.

## Contributors

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